DEEP RED
VOL.II No.1
Fall 1997 5.95
ALL NEW!
FINALLY!
CHARLIE'S FAMILY
FIRST REVIEW!
THE RESTORATION of the DIRECTOR'S CUT
THE BEYOND
LUCIO FULCI'S
UNCUT MASTERPIECE!
JACK KETCHUM
HORROR'S BEST KEPT SECRET
BEYOND GUINEA PIG
AFTERMATH
GORE GONE MADI

Video Vortex

Over 3000 rare, imported, uncensored, unreleased, exotic, and out of print titles.

FILMS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

HORROR - SCI-FI - RARE TV
GIALLO - EXPLOITATION - CULT

ALL OUR TITLES ARE NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN PAL AT NO EXTRA COST

We Are in the Process of Subtitling Many Foreign Titles Into English

We restore rare movies to their full uncut glory! Most titles come with beautiful full color covers

SOME EXCITING NEW RELEASES
these titles are $20 postpaid.

The Excommunicated of San Valentino 1974 Uncut sleazy sadistic nuns available exclusively from Video Vortex - Based on a story by Victor Hugo- Subtitled in English for the first time anywhere

Erotic Nights of the Living Dead 1979 uncut xxx version - Joe D'Amato - subtitled by Video Vortex - gory, rotting flesh eating zombies, cannibalism, nudity, Laura Gemser - exclusive excellent quality subtitled print.

House With Windows that Laugh 1976 A painter is called to a rural town to restore an old painting. The previous artist was obsessed with capturing the last moments of life & had his sisters torture hia models to death - exclusive excellent quality subtitled print.

Marquis De Sade's Justine 1968 Thia is the uncut version running 2 hours long. Its almost 30 minutes longer than the Japanese version offered by others and the version titled Deadly Sanctuary. Klaus Kinski, Jack Palance, Howard Vernon by Jess Franco

Ogroff aka Ogre aka Mad Mutilator X-rated gore - A leatherface type goes around decapitating, eating flesh, sawing off heads in this French film - With Howard Vernon. In French with almost no dialog.

Les Demons aka Sex Demons 1972 longest version of Jess Franco's classic witch torture film - This print runs over 90 minutes making this the longest print to surface of this film. Thia print contains over 10 minutes of footage missing from all the other currently available versions.

Don't Deliver Us From Evil Two female students who adore Satan commit a series of sins, including murder, that they describe in their secret diary - In French - This was originally publicized as 'the French film banned in France'

Witch Story aka Superstition 2 1989 Gory haunted house film similar to Evil Dead - Mayhem by axes, chainsaws and shotguns

Send $5 For Our New Giant Illustrated Catalog With Many Full Color Pages, Refundable With First Order.

We are currently *only* accepting *Postal Money Orders* or *Cash*. (We do not accept checks or regular money orders)

Video Vortex 429 Danforth Ave. Suite 414, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4K 1P1
e-mail: vidvortx@idirect.com

DEEP RED

VOL.II No.1 FALL 1997

2 BETTER RED THAN DEAD
The Good, The Bad & The Beasts

10 12" OF TERROR
Nightmares on Laser Disc

12 JACK KETCHUM
Horror's Best Kept Secret?

14 REMO D's FUN PAGE
You call this kid stuff?

15 RESTORING *THE BEYOND*
The Director's Cut: Lucio Fulci's Zombie Classic seen in a brand new light

20 CANNIBAL FEROX
Exclusive stills from Umberto Lenzi's jungle slaughterfest

23 AFTERMATH
Is this Spanish shocker the next *Guinea Pig*?

26 UNCOVERING *THE SADIST*
Stephen R. Bissette makes a case for Five Characters, A Camera and a Junkyard

34 CHARLIE'S FAMILY
First review of Jim VanBebber's Manson Massacre

39 AN ACTOR'S MEMOIRS
Life with Charlie, John Martin and Jim VanBebber

43 THE JOHNSONS
Delirious Dutch Dementia reviewed by Chas Balun

46 RED ALERT!
What's Hot 'n' Horrific

47 DANTE'S INFERNO
Inside Tomaselli's *Desecration*

50 SOUNDS OF FEAR
Splatter soundtracks on CD

53 SEEIN' RED
Gore, geeks & Twisted Illusions

55 RED REVIEWS
Wet 'n' Wild videos

PUBLISHER
BLACKEST HEART MEDIA
P.O. Box 3376
Antioch, CA 94531-3376
Phone/FAX (510) 753-0169

EDITORIAL OFFICE
CHAS BALUN, Editor
c/o Deep Red World Headquarters
8456 Edinger Ave. Suite #111
Huntington Beach, CA 92647

DEEP RED copyright © 1997 by Chas Balun
(Contributing writers retain own copyrights)

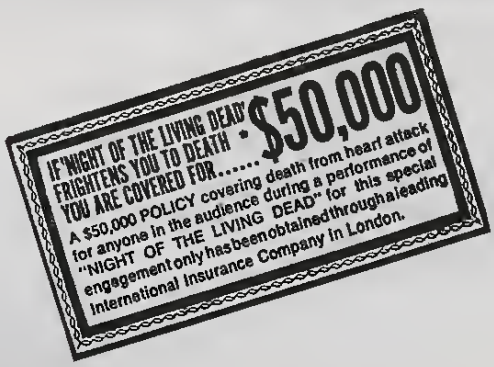
EDITOR / DESIGN / LAYOUT /
CHAS BALUN

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Chas Balun
Mike Baronas
Tim Bishop
Stephen R. Bissette
Chaney
Shane Dallmann
Greg Goodsell
Marc Pitman
Joe Randazzo
Franklin E. Wales

DEEP RED Thanks : Shawn Smith, Ken Kish, Ransom Note Graphics, Stephen R. Bissette (warmest, REDdest regards, Amigo. Thanx for being there), Bob Murawski and Sage Stallone of Grindhouse Releasing, Dallas Mayr, Jim VanBebber, Tim "Gore" Larsen, Mitch Davis, Karim Hussain, Eric Caidin and Hollywood Book & Poster Co., Graveside Entertainment, Mark Wilson and all our advertisers. *Thank you for your patience and kind support.*

BETTER RED THAN DEAD

by Chas Balun


IF "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD" FRIGHTENS YOU TO DEATH ... YOU ARE COVERED FOR..... $50,000
A $50,000 POLICY covering death from heart attack for anyone in the audience during a performance of "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD" for this special engagement only has been obtained through a leading International Insurance Company in London.

Fans have kept the passion for the horror film burning bright despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Even when nearly every genre film you see sucks hamster dick, the true horror fan *never* gives up. Much to the chagrin of friends, family, spouses and employers, these hopelessly dedicated sauce seekers refuse counseling. They know, in their heart of hearts, "The truth is out there," *somewhere*. In fact, there seems to be a somewhat cockeyed, inverse relationship riding the rails of screen terror. The worse shape the genre is in, the more rabid the interest becomes in all things red, moist and monstrous. Dedicated practitioners of The Great Red Way cannot easily shake their jones. They plead that it's in their DNA. That things will always get better. That there's always something out there, some fucking place just waiting to be discovered or revisited by a new, fresh set of eyes. Horror remains our friend because we so eagerly, willingly and unconditionally embraced it. Most of us in our youths; when perhaps we possessed little common sense, a lack of good judgement and maybe even an innate desire to offend. The more they hated it, the more we called it our own. We knew just what to look for, too, recognizing that elusive ingredient we sought in both the good, the bad and the ugly of genre fare. If there was nothing happening in the present, we could always go back and revisit the classics of our time, whether they be *Bride of Frankenstein*, *Night of the Living Dead*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Halloween*, or *Dead Alive*. The genre never refused anyone membership. It always seemed so eager to please. Always searching for just the right chord that would resonate inside a viewer's head and heart and strike that magic note. That same note that rang so clearly in Tod Browning's *Freaks* (1931), during the always mesmerizing wedding feast sequence. We know the credo, oh so well, by heart: "...Gooble Gobble...one of us, one of *us*!" Mind you now, this is not a club that anyone in their right mind would petition for membership. Nope, we are indeed *special*.

Fortunately, fandom leads somewhere. Although some choose to be lifelong fanboys, forever chirping and pontificating about the restored eleven seconds in the recently discovered, mint 35mm print of Jess Franco's *Loves of Irina* or parading around conventions in costumes showcasing 636 man-hours of labor, some pursue their quarry with other designs in mind. Much like the kids who ears were glued to the crackling static of an AM radio for the latest hits by Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, Little Richard or Chuck Berry, hoping to cop a riff or two for use in their own bands, many horror fans also possess an additional agenda. When Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, John Lennon and Paul McCartney (am I dating myself here? Do I give a fuck?) were digging the deep, deep blues of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, Elmore James and Robert Johnson, they were not merely fanboys, they were artists-in-training. In classical painting classes, students are always encouraged to

© S.R. Bissette and SpiderBaby Grafix

set up their easels next to the Old Masters, and copy what they see, analyzing and studying the techniques employed to achieve those glorious results. Learn how to break the work down into its component parts. In painting, pay attention to the pencil layout, the value sketch, the underpainting–learn how the glazes were applied and how the highlights were rendered.

Rock fanboys tuned their cheapshit guitars to the radio and riffed along to "Little Red Rooster," "Crossroad Blues," "Come In A My Kitchen" and "I Can't Quit You Baby"; later translating their newfound chops into killer tracks on albums by the Rolling Stones, Cream, Led Zeppelin or the Beatles. For these gifted artists, fandom was but one step on a lifelong search for musical truth. As our older readers may attest, things don't always get *better* as time goes by. You may discover thousands of competing sensations, experiences and emotions, but ofttimes, you return to the basics, again and again. Money, security, status, celebrity and fame change things, naturally, but often not in a progressively satisfying manner. The list of rock stars, actors, writers, artists and filmmakers who did their best work in their scrapping salad days long before the dollars, babes, coke, fatuous publicity flacks and obsequious industry gladhandlers reduced them to strutting poseurs, is acutely sobering and apparently endless. Many others, whose hard-earned successes should be generously applauded, never lost the passion, the pure unadulterated love for their craft, no matter what kind of diversions, temptations and catastrophes were tossed their

"THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN"
WILL HAUNT YOU FOREVER!
The creature created by man and forgotten by nature.
From WARNER BROS. In WARNERCOLOR
Not recommended for people of nervous disposition.
ALL NEW AND NEVER DARED BEFORE!
PLEASE TRY NOT TO FAINT
STARRING PETER CUSHING HAZEL COURT · ROBERT URQUHART and CHRISTOPHER LEE
Screen Play by JIMMY SANGSTER · Directed by TERENCE FISHER · Executive Producer MICHAEL CARRERAS

way. These are the True Believers. The exact same ones Friedrich Nietzche challenged by telling us that "Art is the highest task and the proper metaphysical activity for this life." The ones who knew exactly why Hendrix cried, " 'Scuse me while I kiss the sky" and the Beatles admitted that "...in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make."

Your REDitor is perhaps showing his age here--in fact, it's forty-*fuckin*'-nine! I'm almost old enough to be your goddamn grandpa! So, dear readers, indulge me if you will, for a bit of hard-fought perspective and a gentle caveat. Don't lose sight of the important shit, the real essentials. Sometimes, they're so simple and elementary they're lost in the mad rush for The Next Big Thing. When your REDitor was a card-carrying, longhaired, rock-throwing, pot-smoking, pig-hating Yippie in the '60s, I often wondered why the Beatles sounded like the best rock 'n' roll band in all the fuckin' world. Was it just the dope? The buzz of tapping into the zeitgeist of one of the more, uh, turbulent and convulsive times in modern American history and asking " .you say you want a *revolution*?" Were we just young, stupid, stoned, naive? Now, I've finally earned enough perspective points to ponder the possibilities. It's nearly thirty years later and ya know what? We were right about a lot of things: the Beatles were The Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band in the World; the Vietnam War blew donkey schlong, Nixon was indeed a venomous crook; Blacks, women, hippies and rebellious youth were being

CITIES IN FLAMES! WORLD PANIC SPREADS!
SEE
Women defiled by invaders from outer space!
Men turned killers by mysterious power more incredible than anything today's science or fiction ever imagined!
20th
FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH
COLOR BY DELUXE

shafted by the Pigs and that good, righteous herb was, and still is, mighty fine.

I never found "The One Thing" that Jack Palance rasped about in *City Slickers* that held the key to life, but I did find the *Four* Things that continually fuel my quest. When I was young, they were: painting, books, rock 'n' roll and movies. Today they remain my best and most loyal friends in all the world. And fortunately, I've been lucky enough to be able to indulge my passions on a relatively uninterrupted scale. And you know what? They *still* work.

Despite my grandstanding, name-dropping and shameless self-aggrandizement, I do have a very salient point here. Passion is the key, my friends. It can make you do

" It's about a woman who teaches classical violin to very young kids in East Harlem...Madonna wants to do it after 'Chicago.' "

- Wes Craven
on his dream project

great things whether you want to or not. It provides the fuel to launch the dreams that make us the unique species we are. The love of something is the Mover and Shaker of All Things. And ofttimes, the things we discover and embrace in our youth remain dear to our hearts despite the non-stop, ever-escalating blizzard of shit we encounter on a daily basis. In one of my favorite books of all time, a concise Bantu proverb decorates the prologue: "When a man puts aside his old and established ways, he had better be certain he has *something of value* to replace them." And yes, that line *still* puckers my ass with pleasure.

Though I still openly and unabashedly profess my love for the genre, I still hate that fuckin' shit out there! Why can't they *ever* get it right? Despite my cockeyed, buoyant sense of misplaced optimism, I must admit that my little tome, *Bled to Death: Horror Eats Itself*, remains painfully relevant even today. It was written with a fairy tale ending that promised horror would re-invent itself and enjoy a triumphant resurrection. T'ain't so, bro'. Things still pretty much suck. In a moment of supreme cynicism, I considered re-printing the book, changing the copyright date and re-releasing it again. But j-e-e-z, even I'm not *that* twisted. Actually, when I sat down to sketch out this piece, I made a list of all the good and bad shit. Guess fuckin' what? The *good* shit won! But, oh, *what* a fight.

Many were misled into thinking Wes Craven's *Scream* (1996) was something it clearly was not. "Clever, hip and scary!" (*Rolling Stone*). "Fiendishly clever! An instant classic!" (*Washington Post*). Yeh right, *they* would know. "A jolt of intelligent, hysterical energy!" (*US Magazine*). The frothing, critical come-shots were worked into the above-title blurb, rendered in an elegant typeface that calmly, and without a trace of irony, announced "The Highly Acclaimed Thriller from Wes Craven."

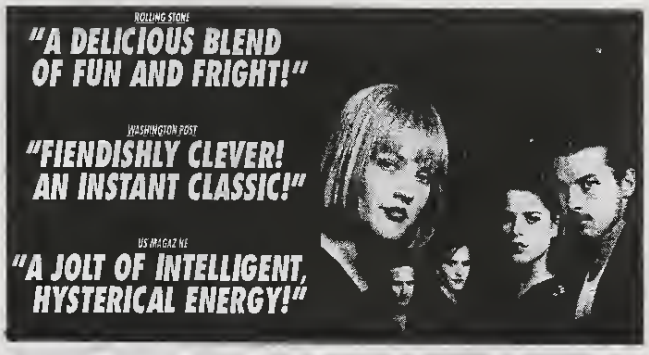
Yes, it did kick some ass for the first *five* minutes anyway. Then, a suffocating sense of smirking, self-congratulatory importance rolled in, much like a wet, six-ton elephant fart backed by a nasty tailwind. Supposedly, the script by Kevin Williamson was in the epicenter of a frantic, high-stakes bidding war between several major studios. And how many of those no-nothing, cell-phone sales creeps and

corporate ass-kissers were even vaguely aware of the plethora of pathetic slasher parodies already gathering dust on the nation's video shelves? These are the very same assholes who've never heard of Dario Argento, haven't yet seen *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and wouldn't know a Boogen if it bit their dick off. Wow, Wes, a *serious* slasher-comedy? Sure, pack it with loads of in-jokes, ennui-riddled Gen Xers; a director's cameo (when I saw Craven in Freddy's greasy sweater and hat, I wanted to be Martin Sheen's character in *Apocalypse Now* and call in a fuckin' air strike), and a happening soundtrack filled with bands that Uncle Wes figured the "kids" would really dig. Didn't anybody within earshot of Horror's High Commander ever see *Student Bodies, Saturday the 14th, Popcorn, Pandemonium, National Lampoon's Class Reunion* or chapters five through nine of *Friday the 13th*? What the fuck do we know? *Scream* has already made more than $100 million at the domestic box-office alone, making it one of the most successful horror films of our lifetime. Will success spoil Wes Craven? You *bet*, fucker. He's already on board for two sequels and has announced plans to make a feature film based on the Oscar-nominated documentary, *Fiddlefest*. *The Los Angeles Times* describes the film as a "...non-genre story about an inner-city music teacher who battles city hall to impart important life lessons." Craven effuses that "It's about a woman who teaches classical violin to very young kids in East Harlem. It's really about discipline and self-respect." Pop hag and cinema cipher Madonna has "expressed great interest" in the role of the teacher. Craven craws, "Madonna wants to do it right after 'Chicago.' She's ready to start learning the violin." (Feel free at this point to take a three-minute puke break). Rumors that Craven is assisting Elite Entertainment restore a two-disc, 2:53 minute letterboxed director's cut of *Deadly Friend* remained unconfirmed at press time.

None of this is nearly as egregious as genre turncoat Sam Raimi's decision to helm the live-action version of *Frosty the Snowman* after flirting with corporate and syndicated success with the cerebral and challenging antics of TV's *Hercules: The Legendary Journeys* and *Xena: Warriar Princess*. Apparently, the *real* Sam Raimi is not the one crammed into every frame of the exhilarating, rascally, live-wire *Evil Dead*, but the self-deluded artiste cackling uncontrollably behind the camera while filming the sublimely unfunny, shit-headed mess of *Crimewave*.

We've all analyzed the Hooper-Carpenter-Cronenberg connundrum to death, but the reigning-in of one of the genre's most gifted, inventive and visionary rebels proved equally troubling. When Robert Zemeckis (*Roger Rabbit, Back to the Future, Farrest Gump*) announced he was producing Peter Jackson's next feature, our eyes rolled skyward. We then got the wind kicked out of us when Michael J. Fox was slated to star amidst the 6,387 CGI and optical effects shots planned for the flick. Our suspicions were confirmed when *The Frighteners* sucked spectral dick at the box office, garnered

"Will success spoil Wes Craven? You bet, fucker."


ROLLING STONE
"A DELICIOUS BLEND OF FUN AND FRIGHT!"
WASHINGTON POST
"FIENDISHLY CLEVER! AN INSTANT CLASSIC!"
US MAGAZINE
"A JOLT OF INTELLIGENT, HYSTERICAL ENERGY!"

little critical support from the Horror Nation and proved that with a whole lot of money, Peter Jackson's gotta lotta Spielberg in him. However, nothing can ever tarnish the reputation of his Holy Trinity. *Bad Taste, Meet the Feebles* and *Braindead* (*Dead Alive*). Older fans whose nostalgic worship at the altar of *Dawn of the Dead* has perhaps obfuscated their judgement a whit, remain the last holdouts in proclaiming *Braindead* The Wettest, Wildest Zombie Film Ever Made.

Whenever American horror films fell into a slump (the last one began in 1987 and shows little sign of abatement), aficionados regularly turned to foreign shores, Italy especially. But with the sudden and untimely death of Maestro Lucio Fulci on the cusp of what could have been his finest hour, directing the Dario Argento produced *Wax Mask*, the palace of horror was rocked 'round the world. Even the usually reliable Argento suffered major setbacks with the lackluster response that greeted both *Trauma* and *The Stendhal Syndrome*. Only Michele Soavi, it seemed, could do no wrong, and his superlative, intelligent and compelling *Dellamorte, Dellamare* (released Stateside as *Cemetery Man*) proved conclusively that he is heir to the throne of Argento.

©S R Bissette and SpiderBaby Grafix

"...other seekers consensually agreed that nothing was taboo and you could never go far enough."

Desperate fans soon turned to Asian shores to slake their thirst and were rewarded with a mind-bending catalog of titles that were as red, wet and wild as the law allows. John Woo (*A Better Tomorrow*), Ringo Lam (*Full Contact*), Jackie Chan (*Armour of God* and a zillion others) and Tsui Hark (*A Chinese Ghost Story*) even made it to Stateside big screens with *Hard Target, Broken Arrow, Maximum Risk, Double Team, Rumble in the Bronx* and *Face-Off*.

Many horror fans initially drawn to such splatterfied entries as *Man Behind the Sun, Black Magic, Story of Ricky, Dr. Lamb, Run and Kill* or *The Untold Story* (aka *Human Meat Pies/BBQ Pork Buns*), soon grew weary of the interminable martial arts displays, flying wizards, hopping vampires, shitty subtitles and seriously skewed worldview embraced by many of the new wave Asian atrocities. Other seekers, perhaps tempted by the dark, nihilistic recesses explored in the infamous Japanese *Guinea Pig* series and the "corpse fucking art" of German renegade Jorg Buttgereit, consensually agreed that *nothing* was taboo and you could *never* go far enough. Two especially contemptible examples of this new and frightfully explicit, mondo-snuffoid *gorenography* were Nacho Cerda's Spanish sickathon *Aftermath*, and the good ol' U. S. of A.'s entry into the sleaze sweeps, the *Traces of Death* series (courtesy of the fine, upstanding hucksters at Dead Alive Productions in Arizona). The latest installment, *Traces of Death IV*, makes older mondo flicks like *Africa Addio, Mondo Cane, Shocking Asia* and even the *Faces of Death* films look like sitcoms. But that is not necessarily a good thing, either. Hearing some smirking, deep-throated, pierced and tattooed, flatlining miscreant waxing poetic over blown-up Palestinian children, animals being burned alive, gory accidents, suicides, on-screen executions, assassinations, and writhing deformed infants is a supremely depressing, infuriating, sickening and repellent experience. All this and oh, so much more, including gag-inducing closeups of luckless schmucks gasping their last breath on earth in front of some jack-off camera junkie, all set to the unlistenable, cacophonous assault of some death metal garage band playing so loud it could make small pets explode. According to the latest press release from Dead Alive Productions, the 1500 members of the *Traces of Death* fan club proclaim Part IV as "...the best and wettest, with the greatest gross-out factor." Now isn't that *special*? Along with my screening copy came a glossy, full-color poster, an imprinted barf bag, a slick catalog and a cover letter soliciting reviews from horror magazine editors. Well, O.K., since you asked, here's mine, bro': "Watching *Traces of Death* is a lot like eating shit, only it smells much worse." How's that, pardner? What's next up for Dead Alive Productions? A rollicking, heavy metal comedy tour of the Nazi death camps, presented in Smell-O-Rama and complete with a corpse-counting scorecard? I'm fuckin' *outta* here.

Whew! Had enough? *How* 'bout the *good* shit I promised? Well, not much up there on the big screen to rally 'round, although the return to big budget monster movies like *Independence Day, The Relic, Anaconda, Alien Resurrection*,

Tim "Gore" Larsen paints head from *The Relic*

Starship Troopers and *Men in Black* is still better than a poke in the eye with a rusty railroad spike, eh? And come on now, you can't help but be a might giddy about what Rob Bottin will come up with in the generously budgeted, undersea serpent saga, *Deep Rising* (aka *Tentacle*). And for the stay-at-homes, TV has provided a virtual genre playground with a generous slate of offerings including such cathode creepers as *The X-Files, Millenium, Sliders, Quicksilver Highway, Dark Skies* and *American Gothic* as well as made-for-TV miniseries like *The Stand, The Shining* and *Robin Cook's Invasion.*

Actually, the best news has come from within the worldwide horror community who've begun to effectively adapt one of the well-worn but still subversive missives of the Punk

More of Larsen's handiwork: mutant baby (l) from *Island of Dr. Moreau* and prop head from *Babylon 5*

movement--DIY--*Do It Yourself*! Yo, bro', "..take that sad song and make it better." (and redder) In this issue, you will see numerous examples of passionate, lifelong devotees of the genre who've created their own opportunities, made their own films, books, music, monsters and mayhem just the way they *wanted* It is an extreme, unassailable pleasure to offer up the very first published, full-length review of Jim VanBebber's long-awaited Manson masterpiece, *Charlie's Family*. Those who've followed VanBebber's career, from his student days at Wright College in Ohio and his early works like *Doper* and *Roadkill. The Last Days of John Martin* through his first feature, *Deadbeat at Dawn* and his New York Underground Film Festival winner *My Sweet Satan*, will be fuckin' blown away by *Charlie's Family*. Also within these pages is an introduction to young New York filmmaker Dante Tomaselli, whose haunting, Argento-esque, 23 minute short , *Desecration*, announces a visionary new talent to reckon with Tomaselli's cousin is

"...a suffocating sense of smirking, self-congratulatory importance rolled in, much like a wet, six-ton elephant fart backed by a nasty tailwind."

Alfred Sole, the much underappreciated director of *Alice, Sweet Alice* and *Tanya's Island*, who has suggested that Tomaselli helm the sequel to *Alice* from Soles' own original script.

Also check out what Steve Bissette, longtime RED staffer and ace cartoonist, is up to with his exquisitely rendered tale of the life of a young Tyrannosaurus rex in his very popular, self-published series of comics called *Tyrant*. Bissette honed his chops on DC's acclaimed *Swamp Thing* comic then when on to publish the influential and controversial *Taboo* before turning his attention to the real love of his artistic life. More power to ya, bro'!

Unless you've been in a coma or were involved in some manner of interplanetary travel, you've no doubt seen *Lost World. Jurassic Park*, and witnessed some of the fine makeup work from another *Deep Red* alumnus, Tim "Gore" Larsen. Tim won an early *Fangoria Weekend of Horrors'* makeup contest, sold his "Goreknobs" and assorted creature creations through the pages of *Deep Red* before landing special makeup gigs on such low-budget, independent fare like *Slaughterhouse, Caligari* and *My Mom's A Werewolf*. He progressed through numerous L.A. studios before being hired by Stan Winston Studios for work on *The Relic, The Island of Dr. Moreau* and *Lost World* Those were *his* dinosaurs featured on the cover of *Time* magazine alongside a beaming Steven Spielberg. Larsen recently left Winston Studios for even greener pastures--he's now working with the *Independence Day* team on the mega-budgeted new *Godzilla* film.

Many other fans, tired of the bland, pre-digested fare offered up by American directors, went back to the vaults and found numerous films just waiting to be rediscovered. Hats off to Elite Entertainment for the freshly-restored, letterboxed laser prints of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (very, very sweet), *Dawn of the Dead* and *Re-Animator*. Good news too, from Anchor Bay Entertainment and director William Lustig, who plan to release fourteen classic Hammer films in a multi-year agreement with Elite Entertainment. Eagerly awaited titles include: *The Devil Rides Out, Frankenstein Created Woman, Quatermass and the Pit, The Reptile, Dracula: Prince of Darkness* and *Plague of the Zombies*. Each film, in its original and uncut form, is being digitally remastered from Hammer's archival negatives under the supervision of Elite and Lustig. Special Edition discs will contain extra bonuses, including commentary from Christopher Lee and other key players involved in the film's production.

The tragic and untimely death of Maestro Fulci resulted in a flurry of independent productions that were fiercely determined to keep both his memory and his work alive for future generations. A hearty *hubba-hubba* is owed to Bob Murawski and Sage Stallone (aka Son O' Italian Stallion) of Grindhouse Releasing for acquiring the Stateside rights to Fulci's bravura zombie masterpiece, *The Beyond*, as well as *City of the Living Dead* (original Euro-title for *The Gates of Hell*) and *Nightmare Concert/Cat in the Brain*. Grindhouse plans on releasing these titles as deluxe, full-length and uncensored, letterboxed laser discs packed with bonus material including rare trailers, stills, and a complete interview

with Fulci himself. *The Beyond* has been remastered from the original negative, with the new digital transfer personally supervised by Sergio Salvati, the original director of photography on Fulci's masterwork. Grindhouse Releasing has also acquired Umberto Lenzi's director's cut of *Cannibal Ferox* (released here as *Make Them Die Slowly*) as well as Andrea Bianchi's terminally dopey, but ass-kicking zombie saucefest, *Burial Ground*.

Grindhouse has also presented a late night double-bill gorefest trumpeted as a "Post St. Valentine's Day Massacre" at the Vine Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, featuring pristine 35mm prints of *Cannibal Ferox* and *The Gates of Hell* to a packed house of cheering, stomping, heavily-salivating connoisseurs of carnage. Selected theatrical screenings of *The Beyond* have also left fans slack-jawed and giddily euphoric about the clarity, brightness and resolution of the new print.

In the Spring of 1996, Blackest Heart Media published *Lucio Fulci: Beyond the Gates* as a tribute to the Maestro and also released a fully-authorized, killer CD featuring the soundtracks to both Fulci's *House by the Cemetery* and *Manhattan Baby*. The really big news from Blackest Heart and Graveside Entertainment is the upcoming release of *For Lucio Fulci: A Symphony of Fear*, a three CD boxed set (which includes a thirty-two page booklet) featuring covers of Fulci's most famous soundtrack cuts performed by a plethora of bands from around the world (your humble REDitor even rocks out on one of 'em). There will also be various spoken tributes as well as interviews with Catriona MacColl, Ian McCullough and David Warbeck. An ultra-rare, English language interview with Fulci from the set of *Demonia* is also included in this deluxe set. Portions of the proceeds from this project will go towards erecting a commemorative headstone at the grave of the Maestro as a tribute from his fans and friends around the world. *Right fuckin' on, guys!* Ya make us all proud.

" Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Begin it now. "

- Johann von Goethe

The wet, written word has been kept alive by other diehard fans-turned-writers, editors and publishers (*ah-hem*) in such witty, well-researched and enthusiastic publications as Steve Puchalski's howlingly funny *Shock Cinema*, Craig Ledbetter's (why does this guy not get the credit he's due?) *European Trash Cinema*, Mike Accomando's *Dreadful Pleasures*, Michael Weldon's *Psychotronic Video*, Thomas Weisser's *Asian Cult Cinema* and Tom Simmons' *Video Junkie*. Yep, both the truth and the bloody beast are out there. Waiting. But you may just have to get off your ass and do a wee bit o' work yourself to dig 'em up.

KOORTAX
'THE SOUL EATER!'
STALKING THE DANK MOSSY WASTELANDS OF GHANZIK THE SAVAGE KOORTAX LEAVES ITS VICTIM'S BODIES FREE OF ANY WOUNDS OR SIGNS OF VIOLENCE FEEDING INSTEAD ON THE PREY'S AURA!

German poet and dramatist Johann von Goethe (1748-1832), not an acknowledged gorehound or genre aficionado to my recollection, issued a formidable challenge to all of us who dream, but do not always act on those visions. "...There is one elementary truth the ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans: that the moment one definitely commits oneself, then providence moves too. All sorts of things occur to help one that would never otherwise have occurred. things which no man could have dreamed would have come his way. Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Begin it now."

Let's rock this fuckin' joint!

VIDEO DUNGEON

Specializing in:
Uncut, Rare & Obscure
Horror, Exploitation and related genres.

For fast service, huge selection, and LOW prices, Send $3.00 for our fully illustrated catalog to:

P.O. Box 873
Tarpon Springs, FL 34688

Made payable to:
M. Wilson
(Refundable after 1st order!)

You must be 18 to order, with a signed statement enclosed.

COLUMN BY TIM BISHOP

Amazing! Innovative! Bold! What do these words have in common? They'll never truthfully be used to describe either Wes Craven's *Scream* or the home video company that specializes in laserdisc restorations, Elite Entertainment, Inc. At a time when laserdiscs had seemingly reached their zenith, along came a company that promised to do for horror fans what Charlton Heston did for the glamorous Hollywood tradition of overacting.

Early on, Elite appeared promising. The discs that were announced for release were impressive. The materials that were to accompany the films (in the form of supplemental information) looked equally, if not better than the films themselves. Let's face it, we've seen these movies *before*. What we want are extras and *plenty* of them. When word came out that no expense would be spared and that the directors would be personally involved in the process, I was thrilled.

The information compiled on *Night of the Living Dead* and *Dawn of the Dead* certainly implied that a fan was at work here. *Night* looks better than ever. I doubt that anyone imagined that it was possible that a print this good could actually exist. This print is so clean, you might think someone dug up Duane Jones and re-shot the entire film. Like *NOTLD*, *Dawn* contains a running audio commentary on the analog tracks. It is here that you can find personal recollections on the making of the film with the principal filmmakers present. Assistant director Christine Romero's insights are humorous and even more vivid than George's. Indeed a fine job of mastering and an even better job of judging which films are worthy of such attention.

Other films as deserving include Tobe Hooper's one quality film, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and Stuart Gordon's morgue masterpiece, *Re-Animator*. In the past, *Chainsaw* was always presented as a murky, muddy print. I can't remember a time when I didn't automatically assume that it was supposed to look like shit. Guess what? *It isn't!* The remastering process (in THX) really shines. This new print looks better than even Mr. Hooper might have considered it could. No surprise that *Re-Animator* is now letterboxed and is presented in the director's originally intended unrated running time of approximately 86 minutes. Additional material that was shot for the "R"-rated edition appears at the end of the second side. A running audio commentary is here also. Relive some behind-the-scenes antics of working on what is arguably one of the most perversely moist and red movies of all time. The original cast and crew share their favorite memories of working on an historical film. Curiously though, actor David Gale was silent throughout the proceedings.

With few exceptions, that is all Elite has shown in the way of good judgement. Even a true futon warrior like myself would rather scrape his scrotum with a rusty cheese grater than sit through minute one of the other "horror" titles they are trying to pass on to us. Imagine the unmitigated gall of offering such true classics as *Dawn* and *Chainsaw* only to follow up with *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2* and the 1986 version of *Invaders From Mars*.

Tobe Hooper has set a new standard for one-hit wonders. Nothing else he ever directed was worth the admission price let alone the production costs. Do the people at Elite think we want to see *all* of his movies just because he made one good one over two decades ago? This is clearly a case of pandering and nothing else. *Chainsaw 2* sucked. *Invaders* sucked *harder*. What's next, some of Mr. Hooper's personal family home movies on letterboxed disc and in THX with a run-audio channel for us all to enjoy?

Following close on the heels of the terrific ass-kissing they gave Tobe, the good people at Elite have found a new backside to pucker up to – Stephen King. What's that you ask? Are we going to see letterboxed copies of *The Shining* or *The Dead Zone*? Nope. They've decided to give us something we've always wanted – a letterboxed copy of *Maximum Overdrive*.

Does everyone remember the TV spots for *Maximum Overdrive* wherein Stephen King himself promised that he was going to "scare the hell out of you"? Apparently the folks at Elite didn't get the joke. After seeing this magnum opus I know the only thing terrifying about it is admitting that I'd sat through it. What's so scary about a Coke machine that hurls icy cold beverages at Emilio Estevez? Don't tell me you haven't considered doing it *yourself*. Why bother putting this on disc? Anyone with an ounce of properly working gray matter won't buy it and Mr. King certainly doesn't need the money.

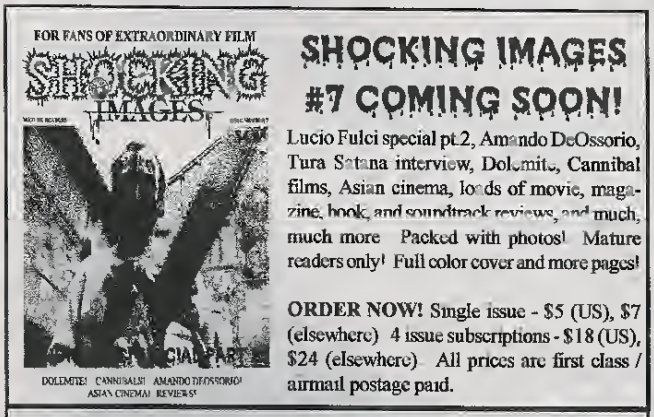
In the tradition of earlier bouts of ignorance, Elite produced *A Nightmare on Elm Street, A Nightmare on Elm Street 2: Freddy's Dead* and *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors*. Okay, the first film in the series (like most films) is fun and contains some really interesting stuff. Extras include alternate takes of Johnny Depp's bed regurgitating him and copies of rejection letters from various movie studios not interested in making "*that* kind of movie". This is all fine but why the two sequels? The only answer can be contractual obligation.

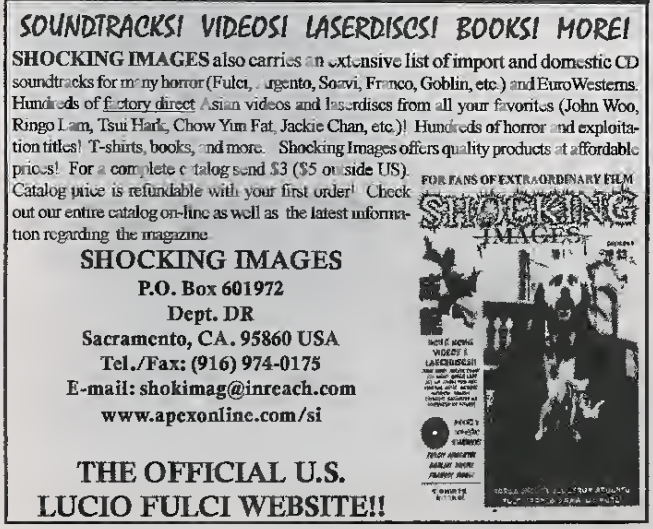
So you want to know what could possibly be more tedious than spending another night with Freddy? How about an evening in front of your TV watching some of the other dreck Elite is offering. *The Lady in White*? *The Stepford Wives*? It's no joke. They're *serious*. If only their choices were. *The Lady in White* is nothing more than a widescreen after-school special and as for *The Stepford Wives*, their big selling point? It's being touted as having never been available on either tape or laserdisc before. You know, there might be a reason.

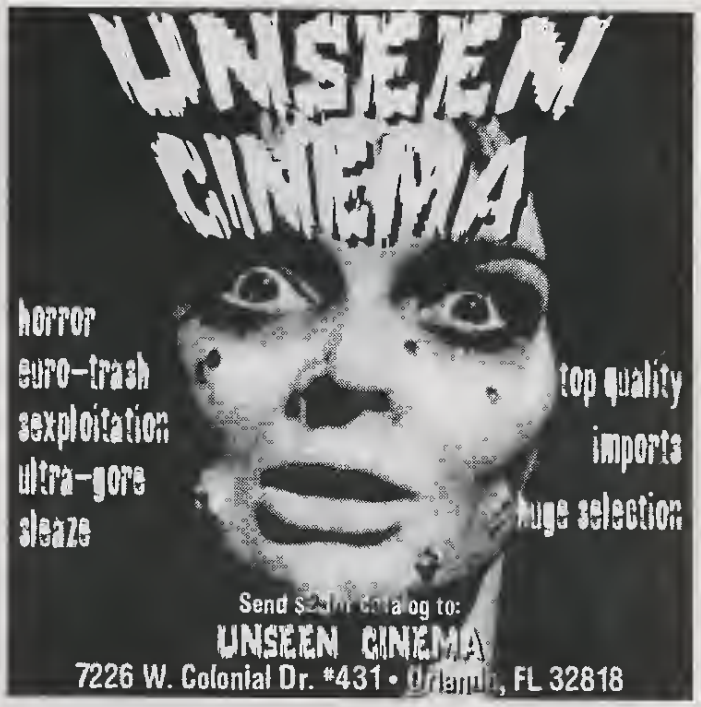
There seems to be something fundamentally wrong with spending more time and money on remastering a movie than may have actually have been put into the film's original production. The effort afforded the remastered *Maniac* clearly outshines the filmmaker's vision of the movie as a whole. William Lustig, consider yourself lucky that Elite must not have had anything else on tap for that month.

While it's true that Elite's performance in the past has been spotty at best, the future may be where salvation lies. Scheduled for release are several films from the Hammer catalog including *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* and one of my all-time favorites, *Quatermass and the Pit* (aka *Five Million Miles to Earth*). And I would be remiss if I failed to mention that David Lynch's extremely underrated *Wild at Heart* was also forthcoming.

So Elite Entertainment, Inc. is not quite dead. But just the same, the coroner has been notified and he is making some room in the 'fridge. Remember, just because you can produce a great print of a shitty movie doesn't mean that you should. Remastered crap is just shit with a shine.


FOR FANS OF EXTRAORDINARY FILM
SHOCKING IMAGES
SHOCKING IMAGES
#7 COMING SOON!
Lucio Fulci special pt.2, Amando DeOssorio, Tura Satana interview, Dolemite, Cannibal films, Asian cinema, loads of movie, magazine, book, and soundtrack reviews, and much, much more. Packed with photos! Mature readers only! Full color cover and more pages!
ORDER NOW! Single issue - $5 (US), $7 (elsewhere) 4 issue subscriptions - $18 (US), $24 (elsewhere). All prices are first class / airmail postage paid.
DOLEMITE! CANNIBALS! AMANDO DEOSSORIO! ASIAN CINEMA! REVIEWS!


SOUNDTRACKS! VIDEOS! LASERDISCS! BOOKS! MORE!
SHOCKING IMAGES also carries an extensive list of import and domestic CD soundtracks for many horror (Fulci, Argento, Soavi, Franco, Goblin, etc.) and Euro Westerns. Hundreds of factory direct Asian videos and laserdiscs from all your favorites (John Woo, Ringo Lam, Tsui Hark, Chow Yun Fat, Jackie Chan, etc.)! Hundreds of horror and exploitation titles! T-shirts, books, and more. Shocking Images offers quality products at affordable prices! For a complete catalog send $3 ($5 outside US). Catalog price is refundable with your first order! Check out our entire catalog on-line as well as the latest information regarding the magazine.
SHOCKING IMAGES
P.O. Box 601972
Dept. DR
Sacramento, CA. 95860 USA
Tel./Fax: (916) 974-0175
E-mail: shokimag@inreach.com
www.apexonline.com/si
THE OFFICIAL U.S. LUCIO FULCI WEBSITE!!
FOR FANS OF EXTRAORDINARY FILM
SHOCKING IMAGES



UNEARTHLY VIDEO
GIVES YOU MORE!!!
Horror, Gore, Exploitation, Sexploitation, Sci-Fi, Mystery, Giallo, Jungle, Suspense, Obscure
Finally you can build a gigantic video library of all the fantastic and outre features you won't find at Blockbuster Video, in high quality, and at an affordable price! Try us! Send just two stamps for our shocking, illustrated catalog:
UNEARTHLY VIDEO
P.O. Box 681914, Orlando, FL 32868-1914

BY CHAS BALUN

JACK KETCHUM

HORROR'S BEST KEPT SECRET?

"Be warned: Ketchum never stops, never flinches, never turns aside."
-Stephen King

Jack Ketchum doesn't really want to be Horror's Best Kept Secret. You'd think with these dazzling, heavy-duty quotes provided by brand name authors that they too, don't want to keep Ketchum's magic a secret any longer. In *Deep Red Alert #1* (Fall 1991), we offered the article, "Ketchum: Cut 'Em and Kill 'Em..Slowly", to do our part to get readers' noses out of their King, Koontz & Company books and into the Ketchum Zone. His taut, hard-boiled, hell-on-a-page prose has been favorably compared to such luminaries as Jim Thompson, James Ellroy and Thomas Harris. Your REDitor has referred to Ketchum's work as being "...able to blister the paint right off walls, jab glass shards under your fingernails and shrink your nuts up with testicle-tightening terror." Get my point? I guess not.

Despite glowing reviews, terrific word-of-mouth, a feature article in *Fangoria* magazine (though written in typical ho-hum fashion by some generic genre half-wit *Fango* is so fond of employing), numerous convention appearances and the unfettered respect of his literary peers, Ketchum remains a "cult" author. What's wrong with this picture? Fuckin' *plenty.*

"Ketchum forces your eyes to stare deep into the recesses of the killing mind."
-Robert W. Walker
author of Primal Instinct

Within the last year or two, however, Ketchum's profile has been steadily improving. The Overlook Connection Press recently released a deluxe, signed and slipcased, Limited Edition of Ketchum's hellish 1989 thriller, *The Girl Next Door*, and by God, they did it up right. Complete with a lengthy, in-depth and gushing introduction by Stephen King; an extensive and revealing interview with Ketchum by Stanley Wiater and numerous testimonial essays by other genre hotshots, the new edition of *The Girl Next Door* is a real killer. Also, be sure to check out the fine, expansive interview conducted by Philip Nutman for *Funeral Party* (Vol.2), which is followed by a brand new Ketchum short story, "The Work."

"OFFSPRING may well be the most horrifying book you will ever read."
-Robert Bloch
author of Psycho

In England, Ketchum is finally catching on with the U.K. release of *Red*, his newest novel, as well as reissues of *Off Season*, *Offspring*, *Only Child* (U.S. *Stranglehold*), and *Road Kill* (U.S: *Joyride*)

In real life, Jack Ketchum is actually Dallas Mayr (check the copyright notice in any of his books, it's no secret), a former literary agent who once handled the eminent *litterateur* Henry Miller among his stable of world-class writers

"A major voice in contemporary horror fiction."
-Ed Gorman
Mystery Scene

Ketchum readily credits Miller for inspiring the courage needed to become a full-time, professional writer. Miller died in 1980, while Ketchum was toiling on what would become his first published novel, *Off Season*. In *Brutarian* #17, Ketchum keenly and profoundly describes the impact Miller had on his writing career. "You can't believe the sheer fucking hope he gave me. That a man like that could still exist. I felt I'd met the closest thing I'd ever meet to a living fucking saint," Ketchum writes. "I thanked him just for being."

Ketchum began writing for nearly anyone who would pay him. He wrote rock 'n 'roll reviews for *Creem* magazine, contributed to *Psychology Today*, garnered exposure in men's magazines like *Swank* and *Cavalier* and did time at the Franklin Library. He concedes that the visceral horrors of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *The Last House on the Left* and the early films of David Cronenberg all helped hot-wire his work on *Off Season*. In the *Funeral Party*

"Ketchum is a kind of hero to those of us who write tales of terror and suspense."
-Stephen King

U.K. Kover of Ketchum's Klassic

interview, Ketchum describes the intense terror and suspense he found in those films but admits "..I had never read anything quite that extreme." Ketchum found his target and took aim. "Let's take it one step further," he says. "So that's what I did."

And now you, dear reader, need to take that step as well. So get your ass in gear and down to your local bookseller. We've got a job to do and the Kult of Ketchum needs *you*. We promise you'll be seeing *Red* from then on.

"If I were a Dean Koontz or any other two-bit genre poseur, I'd smash my word processor and cut off my own fucking hands after reading Ketchum."
-Chas Balun
Deep Red Magazine

Ketchum is currently assembling a collection of short stories for possible publication as a Special Limited Edition.

His latest novel, Red, is now available to U.S. readers through the Barnes & Noble Website.

The first chapter of Red *is also included in Ann Kennedy's "Magazine of the Surreal," Silver Web #14, along with a recent Ketchum interview.*

Write The Overlook Connection Press, P.O. Box 526, Woodstock, GA 30188. For Funeral Party write: Rude Shape Productions, 511 6th Ave., No. 325, New York, NY 10011 (or check out their ad this issue)

PLUTONIUM FILMS PRESENTS:
BABES, BREASTS, BEASTS! & OTHER WEIRD MOVIES!!

ENTERTAINMENT HORRORS:

"Unnaturally Born Killer"-Naked women Butchered! Walter beats them, eats them, baths in their blood, rips out their guts, drinks their blood, cages them, and photographs them! He even 'sleeps' with a Mannequin! *"Unnaturally Born Killer" is a campy and somewhat experimental horror movie resembling a cross between a Herschel Gordon Lewis and a Kenneth Anger flick "(Altern.Cinema, Fall 1996).* COLOR/90m $19.95 Postpaid

"Zombie Ninja Gangbangers"- Alice is raped, beaten, slapped and tortured by Zombie Gangbangers. Is she nuts? No one seems to believe her. Full of the most hideous violence ever shot on film! Blood, death, rapes, strangulation's, beatings. "This is the most demented sick-o flick I've seen in 20 years!" (*Producer, Jimmy Traynor*) COLOR/90m New Release!$24.95 Both postpaid with Press Kits; FREE CATALOGUE; of WEIRD videos, documentaries, freaky flicks. Checks/M.O's/Cash.$24.95 Postpaid

WEIRD DOCUMENTARIES!!!

WE NEVER WENT TO THE MOON: Bill Kasying offers an alternative approach to NASA Space exploration research. 70min. **MYSTERIES OF AREA-51**: Norio Hayakawa shows Nevada to be the site of the LARGEST HIDDEN COMPLEX on Earth 120m. Color. **UFO'S AND THE SUPER SCIENCE OF ATLANTIS**: w/ Dr. Hank Krastman , the Lay Lines and what the ALIENS use them for 70m. **THE WORLD BELOW**: Did you know the earth is hollow? Get the FACTS! Did you know the Government is lying to us all? 90minCOLOR **AREA-51 UPDATE:** Raw interview footage with Norio Hayakawa New updated information on Area-51. 70m. Color. **BURN BABY BURN:** Riots and Violence in the Modern World!!! Color/B/W 88 min. **CAMPS OF DEATH:** The worst NAZI FOOTAGES COMPILED. Graphic footage suppressed for 35 B/W 85 min. **ASSASSINATIONS OF THE 20TH CENTURY:** "Assassinations Of The 20Th Century" reveals through grephic historical and exclusive footage of the tragic murders of famous people Color & B/W. 60min. **SERIAL KILLERS:** Horrible scenes of the worst government backed killings UNCENSORED and RAW. 88 min. **ALIEN BIOLOGY:** A really weird video exposing the truth about the Roswell Alien Autopsy footage ALL THE REAL AUTOPSY CORPSE footage. It is a real great follow up on the Fox-11 show. 90m. Color. **ENTRANCE TO THE HOLLOW EARTH:** Previously released as PALATAKWAPI, The Hopi Underground City. Dr. Hank Krastman leads us on an archeological journey to the Hollow earth. 90m. Color. **APOCALYPTIC HORROR:** Dr. Pilkey tells all about what's coming and how you can ESCAPE the Butchering Jesus is going to do to PLANET EARTH when he gets here! 2 hours **TRIUMPH OF THE BEAST:** Speaking of the Mark Of the Beast?...Terry Cook illustrates every known Beast Mark Technology ready and waiting to be used. Bio-chips, Smart cards; ready to go. 2 hours / COLOR. **DOCU 's $11.95/$3.00 Post.**

WEBCATALOGUE:<http://home.earthlink.net/~plutofilms>
Email:<plutofilms@earthlink.net>

PLUTONIUM FILMS, INC.
8055 Lankershim #2, N. Hollywood, Ca. 91605

REMO D's FUN PAGE

BY SHANE DALLMANN

POP QUIZ : What do the following films have in common?

HINT : It couldn't happen today.

1 **DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE** (1968)

The third Hammer film to feature Christopher Lee as the Count. In addition to the expected acts of vampirism, the film includes such set pieces as the discovery of a dead girl's body stuffed into a church bell, a priest slipping on ice and cracking his head open (his blood provides Dracula with new life); and the graphic impalement of Dracula on a huge crucifix, with his subsequent meltdown into a pool of gore.

2. **THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN** (1971)

As we witness the effects of a biological plague which has all but wiped out a desert town, we are shown (among other disturbing imagery) a dead woman lying topless in full view; birds pecking away at the flesh of corpses; and red powder pouring from a victim's wrist as the investigators slice it open on camera. Later, as one of the scientists tries to stop the climactic self-destruct countdown, he runs the "escaped lab animal" gauntlet as laser bolts singe his hands and face.

3-6. **The PLANET OF THE APES** Series (1968-74), including the original, **BENEATH, ESCAPE** and **BATTLE**–but *not* **CONQUEST.**

Besides more matter-of-fact shooting deaths than can be counted here, the series contained male nudity; the expressions " God damn you all to hell" and "Bloody bastards"; horrific mutant makeup; a duel in a spiked cage culminating in an impalement; and James Franciscus taking a bullet in the forehead in *closeup.*

7. **GODZILLA VS. MEGALON** (1973)

Sure, there's monster violence. But the the bit that really made the kids cringe came when one of the human heroes and his oh-so-cute boy sidekick throw a model airplane into the face of one of the villians, smashing his nose and treating the audience to a blood-gushing closeup.

GIVE UP?

ANSWER: All were rated "G" by the Motion Picture Association of America!!!

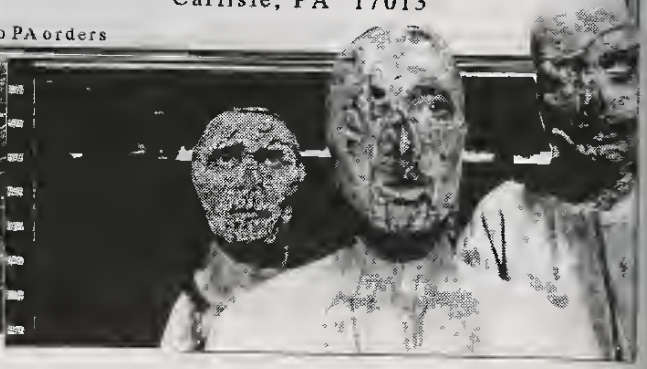
—Afterwards, the *Dracula* film made it to TV unscathed. *The Andromeda Strain* tempered its "G" with "...may be too intense for younger children" and took a couple of slight nicks for broadcast. The *Apes* series runs uncut now (except on the Disney Channel). I still don't know if *Conquest*'s "PG" was due to the shock-table scene or a more violent climax than usual. But don't go looking for the "nose" shot in the otherwise innocuous *Godzilla* film unless you have the Japanese cut–it's been removed from all American TV and video prints.

Further examples always welcome. Let's hear it for kid stuff!

SEX, DEATH, FETISH

Eurotrash films - Hammer, Fulci, D' Amato, Italian cannibal films, oriental horror & erotica, Kung-Fu, necrophilia, rare adult titles, & cult films. Many obscure & taboo titles. Must be 18+ Send $3 & age statement to:

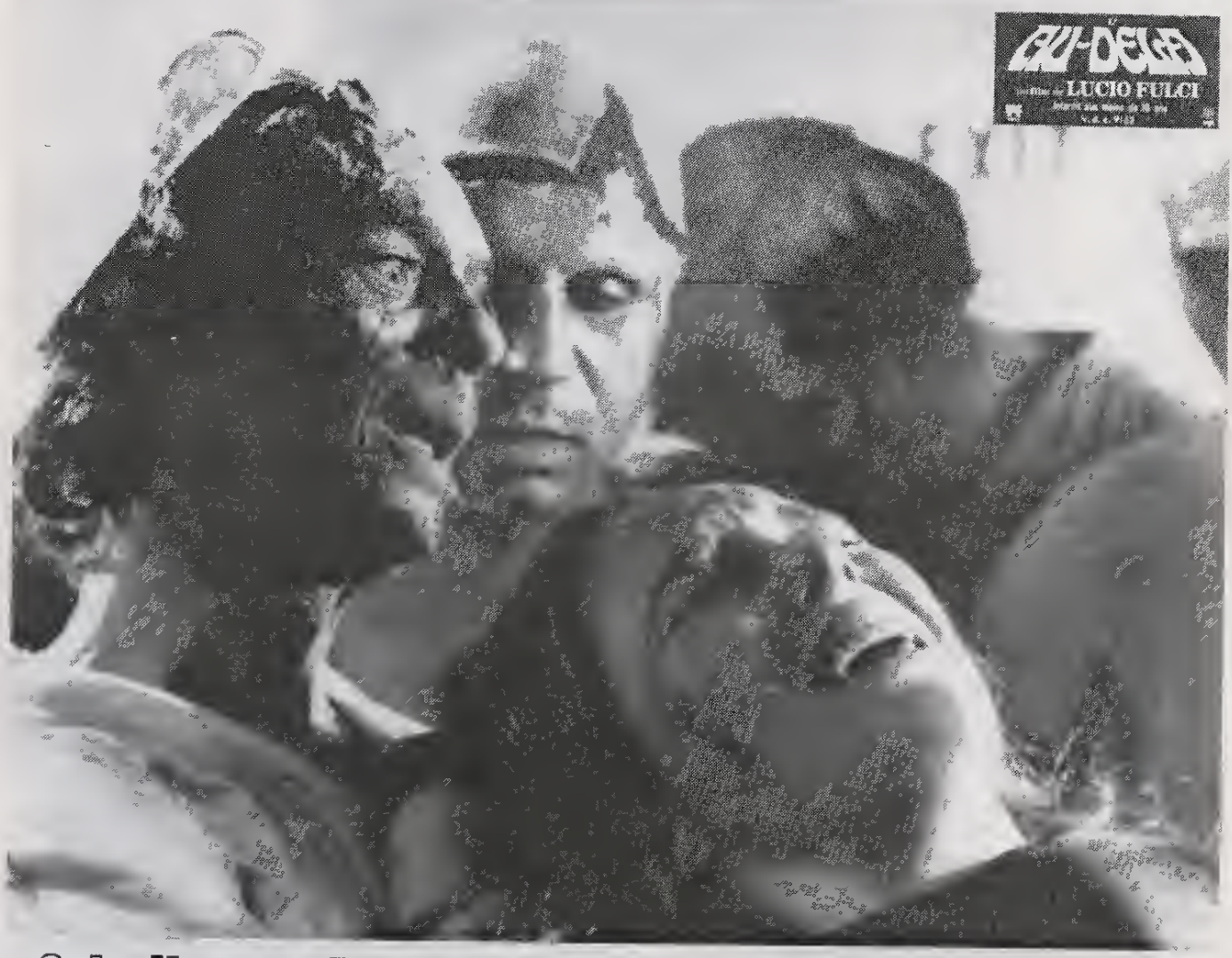
Catacomb Video
500 South Hanover St., suite 7
Carlisle, PA 17013
No PA orders



THE RESTORATION OF THE DIRECTOR'S CUT

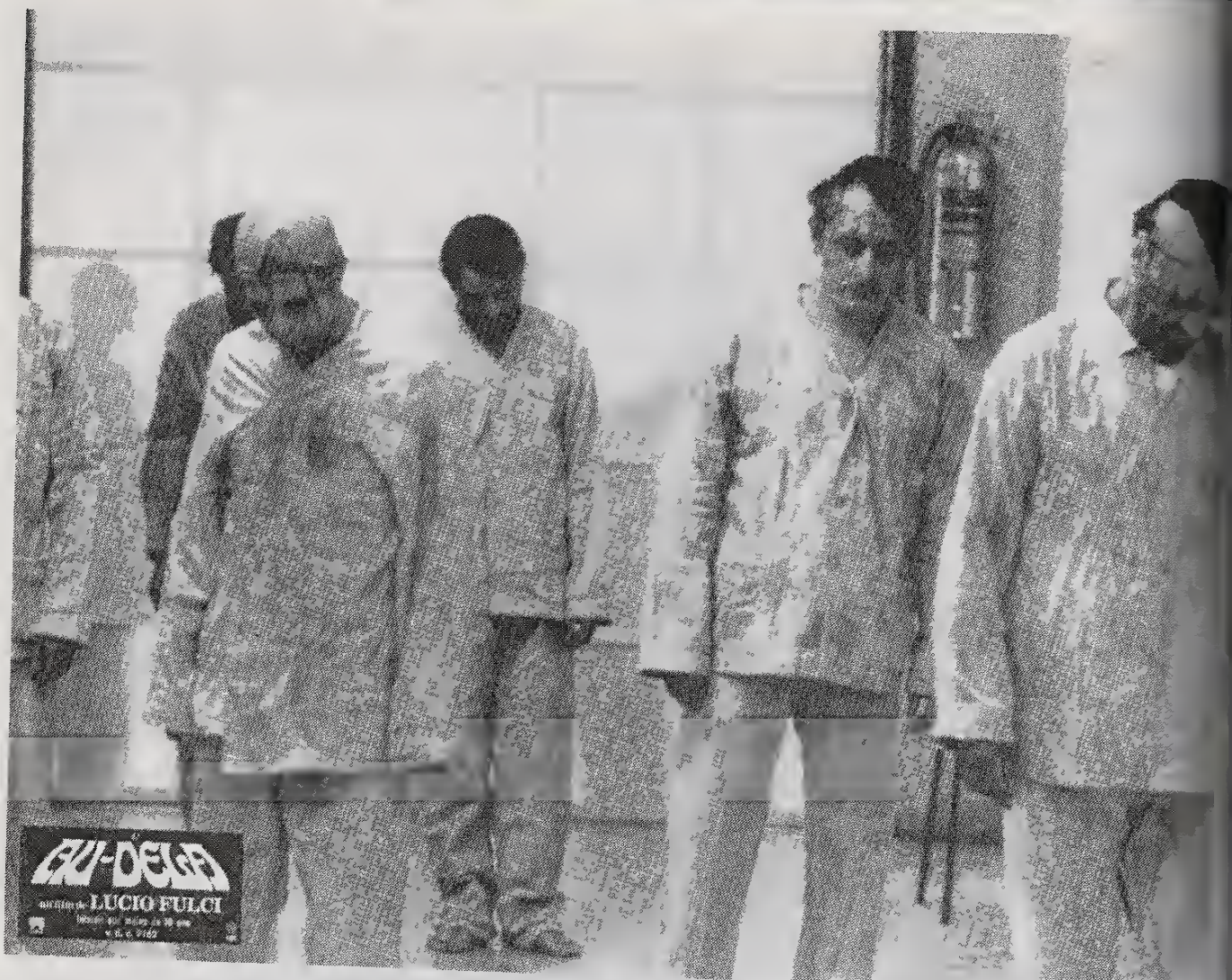
THE BEYOND

LUCIO FULCI'S ZOMBIE MASTERPIECE



Grindhouse Releasing Opens The Gates of Hell

by CHAS BALUN



Lucio Fulci will live forever, and the good folks at Grindhouse Releasing will help see to that. Co-founders Bob Murawski and Sage Stallone (*yep*, Son O' Sly) will be releasing deluxe, letterboxed editions of the Maestro's elusive *The Beyond*, *Cat in the Brain* (aka *Nightmare Concert*) and *City of the Living Dead* (U.S title: *The Gates of Hell*). Grindhouse promises their full-length, uncensored and unrated, letterboxed version of the Maestro's zombie classic, *The Beyond*, "will put the ultra-rare Japanese release to shame." Grindhouse is sparing no expense in the re-mastering process. The brand new print of *The Beyond* is being struck from the original negative and sound elements newly restored by Technicolor Studios in Rome. The new digital transfer was personally supervised by *The Beyond*'s original Director of Photography, Sergio Salvati. Plenty of bonus material will include: trailers, still photos, a rare interview with Fulci and an analogue track containing the original Italian language soundtrack. *Whew!* Those who've only seen Fulci's masterwork on dark, scratchy, heavily-cut theatrical prints circulated as *Seven Doors of Death* or on bootleg tape will have their collective weenies knocked cleanly into the dirt. Ecstatic audiences who've seen one of the rare theatrical screenings held at Planet Hollywood in Beverly Hills or at the Vine Theatre in Hollywood have

"THE BEYOND...IS THE ONE THAT I LOVE THE MOST. AFTER RESTORING THE ORIGINAL NEGATIVE...I THINK PARTS OF THIS MOVIE ARE REALLY BEAUTIFUL."

-Sergio Salvati

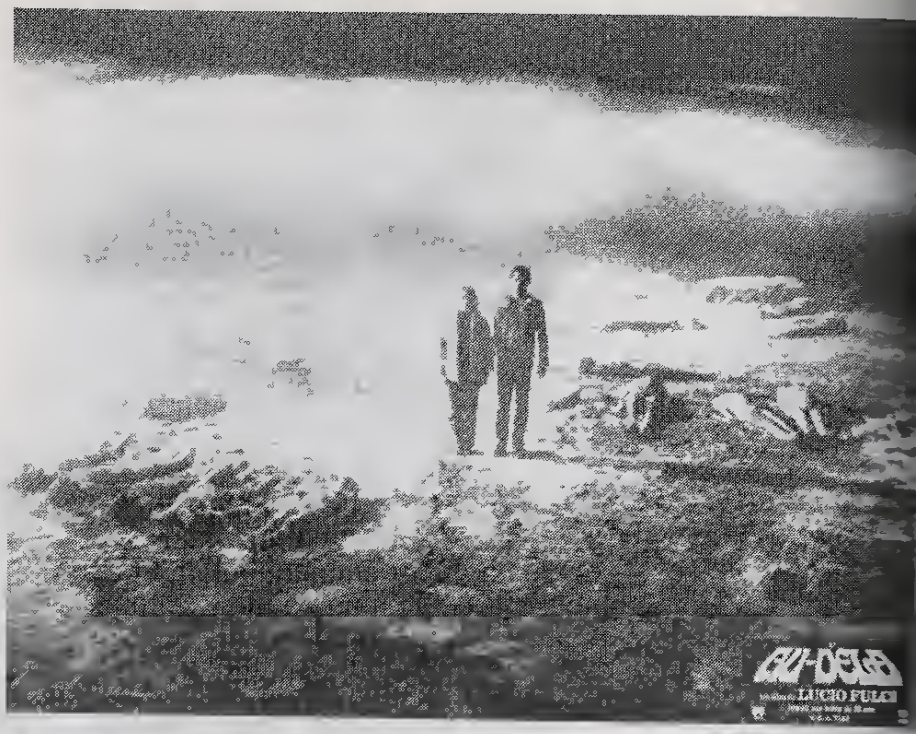
marvelled at the brightness, clarity and scope of the new print and concur: "It's like seeing the film for the very *first* time."

For those who might question the genre credentials of the Son O' The Italian Stallion, Sage Stallone (who recently co-starred with his old man in *Daylight*) readily admits to being a lifelong horror fan and a rabid connoisseur of classic Italian horror. He is truly passionate and dedicated in his desire to preserve these films for future generations of FulciFanatics. The Stallone-Italian horror connection goes further: Gianetto (*Zombie*) DeRossi was makeup man on both the Sly-stoked *Rambo* as well as on the more recent thriller, *Daylight*.

While in Italy gathering materials for their ambitious slate of meaty offerings, the Grindhouse crew met with director Umberto Lenzi and a beefed-up, balding John Morghen (Giovanni Lombardo Radice), everybody's favorite PastaSplat whipping boy. Grindhouse also plans on releasing Lenzi's director's cut of *Cannibal Ferox* (U.S. title: *Make Them Die Slowly*) in a deluxe, letterboxed edition with digitally remastered picture and sound plus loads of bonus material including some of the remarkable stills seen accompanying this article. These frightfully clear photos were struck from the still photographer's original negatives. Trust me, bro's, these guys have the *goods*.

Stallone and Murawski will provide their pristine, 35mm prints of both *The Beyond* and *Cannibal Ferox* for the prestigious, month-long, international Fant-Asia Film Festival in Montreal, Quebec, for theatrical screenings at the posh, 940-seat Imperial Cinema. Grindhouse Releasing has also announced plans which include the deluxe laser treatment given to the long-awaited, highly anticipated, ultimate collector's edition of *Uncle Tom's Trailers from the Crypt*

THE BEYOND (1981) *starring* Catriona MacColl, David Warbeck, Sarah Keller, Antoine Saint John, Veronica Lazar, Anthony Flees, Giovanni de Nava, Michele Mirabella, Al Cliver *scr* Giorgio Mariuzzo, Dardano Sacchetti *photo* Sergio Salvati *fx* Germano Natali, Gianetto de Rossi *music* Fabio Frizzi *prod* Fabrizio de Angelis *dir* Lucio Fulci 92m. Unrated

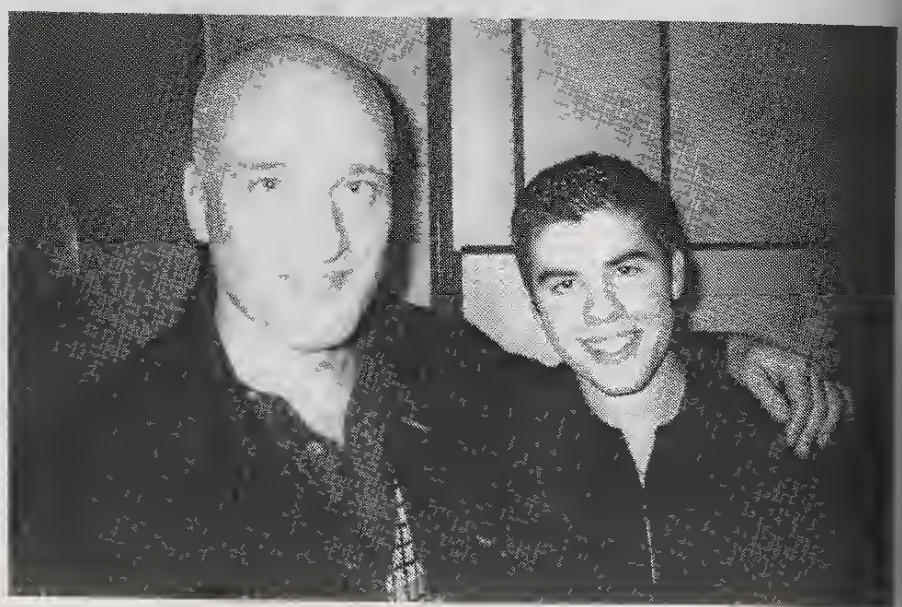


For furthier information on upcoming releases and exclusive theatrical screenings of *The Beyond* in your area contact: Grindhouse Releasing, P.O. Box 931746, Hollywood CA 90093

Umberto Lenzi and Grindhouse's Bob Murawski

> "...Life is often really a terrible nightmare and our only refuge is to remain in this world, but outside time."
>
> - Lucio Fulci
> on THE BEYOND

John Morghen and Sage Stallone



BLACKEST HEART M·E·D·I·A

NEW FULCI CDS!

Two Complete Soundtracks on ONE Disc!
HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY and MANHATTAN BABY

and FOR LUCIO FULCI : A SYMPHONY of FEAR Exclusive 3 CD Boxed Set!

COOL

IMPORT SOUNDTRACKS
VIDEOS and T-SHIRTS!

RARE IMPORT HORROR SOUNDTRACKS on CD & VINYL

Cool T-Shirts for all your favorite Horror & Exploitation films

Plus the biggest selection of hard-to-find uncut videos from around the world. If it's cool...we've got it!

Send $3.00 for our GIANT CATALOG to:

BLACKEST HEART MEDIA * P.O. Box 3376 * Antioch, CA 94531-3376

MasterCard

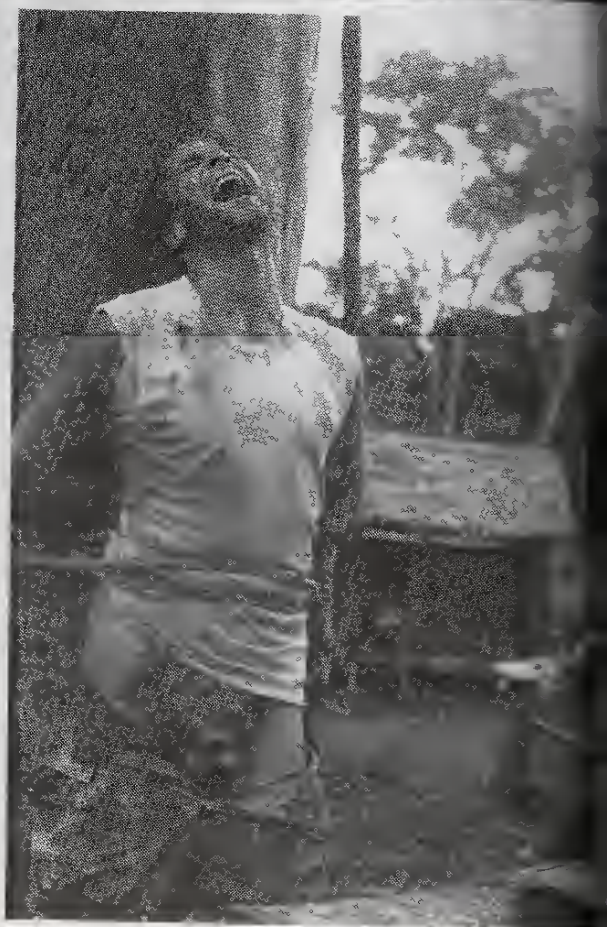
Phone/FAX (510) 753-0169

VISA

THE REAL CANNIBAL FEROX

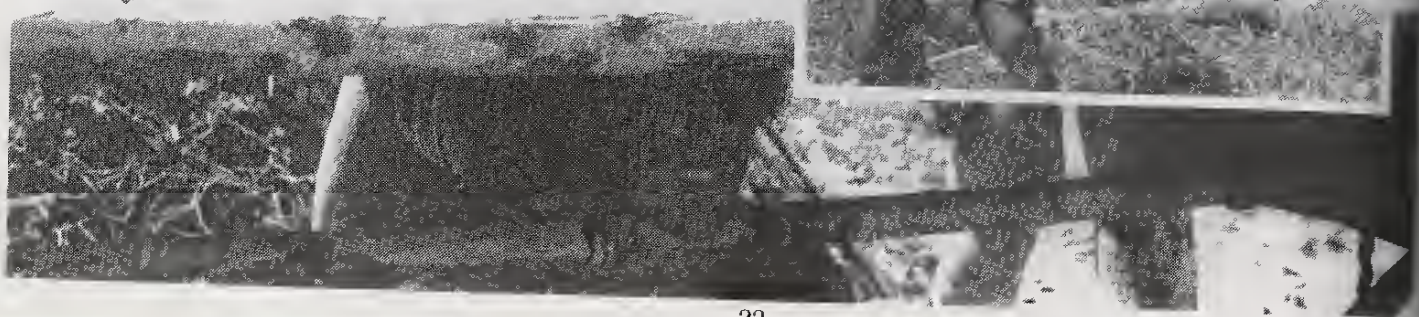
MAKE THEM BLOW CHUNKS...SLOWLY

Rare stills from Umberto Lenzi's Jungle Slaughterfest



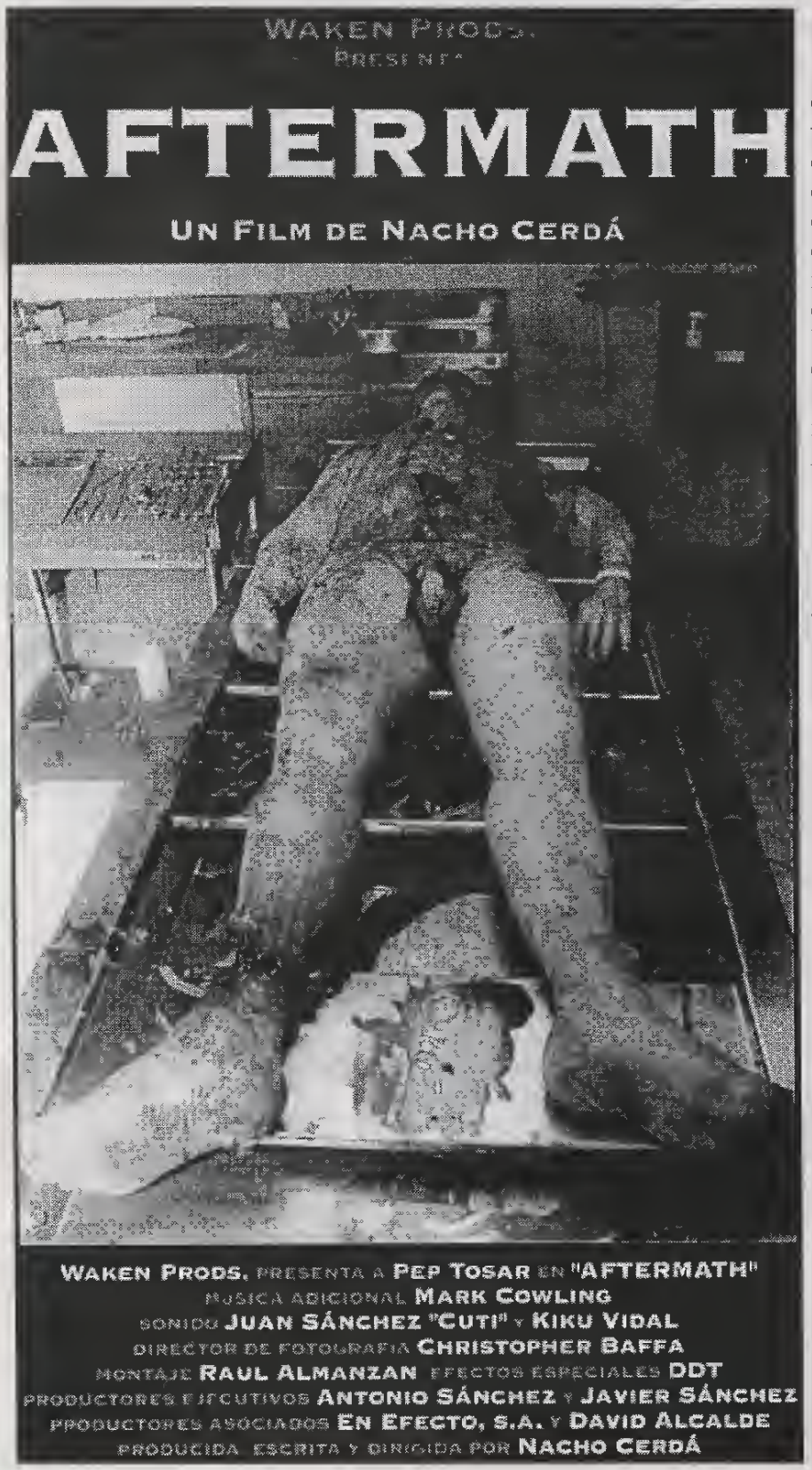
Equal opportunity gender debasement above and (r) ight

CANNIBAL FEROX (1981) *aka* Make Them Die Slowly *with* Lorraine de Selle, John Morghen, Bryan Redford, Robert Kerman, Zora Kerova, Meg Fleming *photo* Giovanni Bergamini *fx* Gino de Rossi *prod* Antonio Crescenzi *written and directed by* Umberto Lenzi 87*m* *Unrated*



IN THE AFTERMATH OF GUINEA PIG

by JOE RANDAZZO


WAKEN PRODS.
PRESENTA
AFTERMATH
UN FILM DE NACHO CERDÁ
WAKEN PRODS. PRESENTA A PEP TOSAR EN "AFTERMATH"
MÚSICA ADICIONAL MARK COWLING
SONIDO JUAN SÁNCHEZ "CUTI" Y KIKU VIDAL
DIRECTOR DE FOTOGRAFIA CHRISTOPHER BAFFA
MONTAJE RAUL ALMANZAN EFECTOS ESPECIALES DDT
PRODUCTORES EJECUTIVOS ANTONIO SÁNCHEZ Y JAVIER SÁNCHEZ
PRODUCTORES ASOCIADOS EN EFECTO, S.A. Y DAVID ALCALDE
PRODUCIDA ESCRITA Y DIRIGIDA POR NACHO CERDÁ

Aftermath was the second film that evening. First I endured *Traces of Death 4*, the most gut-churning, scrotum-tightening, emotionally wrenching piece of shit that I've ever been party to. After ninety minutes of executions, suicides, and squirming deformed infants, I was in the mood for a *real* movie--not just the product of some well-connected, sociopathic video junkie who gets his thrills by cashing-in on the misfortune of others.

"It's the next *Guinea Pig*," they told me. I was very excited to finally be viewing Aftermath After all, *Guinea Pig 2: Flower of Flesh and Blood* was a real movie, alternatingly both hair-raising and hilarious. It presented a little more than a thirty minute evisceration. So convincing was the gore that it had Charlie Sheen on his speed-dialer to the FBI. Trying to explain this one to him would be like explaining quantum physics to the Landers sisters.

This dialogue-free Spanish film opens with the sounds of human screaming and screeching car brakes. The serpentine tracking shot follows an intestine to a horribly mutilated dog. (I say 'dog', however it looks like someone had it out for Fozzie Bear). We then move almost immediately to a morgue in Spain where we remain for the majority of the film's running time.

Two coroners are working on their respective corpses. For the next few minutes, it's all bonesaws, brain removal, and meticulous, step-by-step autopsies. The gentleman on the left appears oblivious to all but his work. The gentleman on the right, who looks surprisingly like Mr. Bean, appears nervous and anxious. We know at that point this man is our likely "hero" and he is obviously waiting for his turn at the female. When finished, Mr. Oblivious cleans up his mess and leaves. In time, Mr. Bean works precariously towards the fridge and selects his date for the evening.

After slowly cutting off her clothes, Senor Frijole runs his knife up and down

her torso over and over until she is covered with her own blood. Then with one giant thrust, he stabs her right in the *puchita*! (This moment would be wonderful in a crowded cinema. I let out a great, audible "*oomph*!" that surely woke my neighbors.) So overcome is our hero that he stands to her side gripping her breast with his left hand and doin' the five finger knuckle-shuffle with his right.

Insatiable, he runs for his camera to take photos of his latest main squeeze. Setting the camera to automatic and placing it on the instrument tray, he mounts his girlfriend and, while unleashing a stream of animalistic grunts, begins humping to the camera's strobe. (The closeups of the camera are going to give the Nikon people a conniption.) When satisfied, our two-minute man cleans up, puts her heart in a ziplock and heads for home.

The next sight and sound is that of a whizzing blender in our protagonist's kitchen. The heart of his latest conquest winds up as no more than Kibbles and Bits for his waiting dog. Ready to call it a day, he kicks back in his favorite chair, perusing the newspaper for his girlfriend's obituary.

Produced in 1994, this Spanish import is director Nacho Cerda's third stab at filmmaking. It has all the ingredients of a real movie too, with 35 millimeter photography, professional lighting and even Dolby Digital stereo! Its economical thirty minute running time leaves Cerda precious little time to build any dramatic momentum. As it stands--it's little more than *gore-nography*; landing in the same league as *Guinea Pig*, *Nekromantik* or even that damn alien autopsy video. Still, the director shows a real visual flair; an actual feature from Cerda would be of great interest. Even without the use of dialogue, *Aftermath* still packs quite a punch. Who knows? With an additional two reels tacked on the beginning and an Elaine May rewrite, Hollywood could have the next *Scream*. (Well...Uh, not really.)

Aftermath propels the genre neither forward nor backward, merely sideways. With the general public accepting the cliches of *Scream* as "hip and original" as well as Horrordom's own Ken Foree doing children's shows for *Nickelodeon*, the genre's wheels are turning but the hamster may be dead.

SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO® HAS THE SICKEST SEXPLOITATION CLASSICS FROM THE PSYCHO SIXTIES!

MEET MADAME OLGA - SHE'S BAD & BEAUTIFUL & WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL YOU'RE GROVELING AT HER FEET!

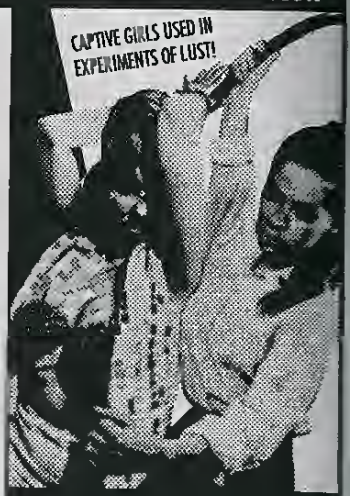
White Slaves of Chinatown
1964, b&w, Directed by Joseph P. Mawra
The first of the incredible Olga films! She takes misfortunate girls to her torture chamber in New York's Chinatown puts 'em in bondage, gets 'em hooked on drugs then makes 'em white slaves! Starring the incredible Audrey Campbell as the mistress herself.

Olga's Girls
1964, b&w, Directed by Joseph P. Mawra
Olga's back and meaner than ever! Her greatest past-time is "to break and bend her subjects will"! See hookers, slaves, and dope fiends being disciplined, throwing pot parties and prepping narcotics from the Commies! Starring Audrey Campbell.

Olga's House of Shame
1964, b&w, Directed by Joseph P. Mawra
Olga moves her headquarters to a deserted ore mine in upstate New York with her creepy brother Nick. There she controls a crime syndicate assisted by her protegee Elaine who takes just as much pleasure in torturing the gals as her mentor! Starring Audrey Campbell.

Olga's Dance Hall Girls 1966, b&w
Olga runs a dance instruction school that turns out to be a front for a kinky call girl racket and secret love cult of devil worshippers! See the shocking initiation ceremonies - where anything and everything is permitted! Starring Mary Victoria as the high priestess of sleaze.

When ordering please state with signature that you are 18 or older!



ALL VIDEOS $20 EACH!
Add $3 p&h for one $1.50 each additional
SEND $5 FOR OUR HUGE CATALOG!
SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO®
PO BOX 33664, SEATTLE, WA 98133
(206) 361-3759 FAX (206) 364-7526
VISA & MASTERCARD ACCEPTED!

THE GHOUL SHOW!
A Frightening Trilogy of Macabre Madness from the Tombs of TERROR!
1 GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE
2 ISLAND OF THE GHOULS
3 GARDEN OF THE DEAD
BRING YOUR FAVORITE GHOUL FRIEND! You're dying to see her...in the flesh!

*Funeral expenses guaranteed by a Major North American Insurance Co

INSURANCE POLICY

*WE HAVE RESERVED YOUR COFFIN!.. IF YOU D.D.** WHILE WATCHING:

CASTLE OF EVIL

**(D.D "DROP DEAD")

TRASH Palace
Brian D. Horrorwitz, Proprietor

Posters! Stills! Lobby Cards!
New and used videotapes!
'Collectors' videotapes—$13 and less!
Records, toys and more!

BRAND NEW CATALOGUE #2 OUT NOW!
$2.00 each (refundable with first order)

P.O. Box 2565
Silver Spring, MD
20915 U.S.A.
or call (301) 681-4625

MONSTERS! EXPLOITATION! ROCK 'N' ROLL!

CATALOG OF CARNAGE™

"Written about in newspapers, books and magazines around the world!"

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

1997 VOL 20 EDITION!

INCLUDES ALL NEW FULL COLOR SUPPLEMENTS!

TOTALLY REVISED! Hundreds of new items! All the new lines for '97!

Real human skulls, bones, coffins, clothing, masks, jewelry, trading cards, statues, movie props, serial killers, horror CD soundtracks and much more, including the biggest selection of the best and bloodiest uncut horror and adult videos at the best prices anywhere!

$5.00 ($10.00 outside the U.S.)

Foxx Entertainment Enterprises
327 W. Laguna Tempe, AZ 85282
Check out our World Wide Web site:
http://eag-net/foxx/order.html

($1 Service Charge On All Credit Card Orders)

To Order by Credit Card, Call 602-753-5206 / Fax 602-753-5591

HUGE HORRIFYING CATALOG - FULL SIZE & SHIPPED UNFOLDED!

NEW! THE BIGGEST HORROR CATALOG IN THE WORLD! NEW!

Must sign that you are at least 18! Please mention where you saw this ad!

Also available from Foxx Entertainment

GET READY FOR THE RIDE OF YOUR LIFE!

Now available to the public for the first time ever, the incredible aftermath of real human death, caused by every imaginable means as captured on video by coroners, pathologists, and medical examiners from around the world!

You will witness actual victims of murder, suicide, and un-natural disasters of every imaginable kind including: devastating plane crashes, vicious beatings, rapes, dismemberment, satanic rituals, hungry animals, grisly car wrecks, and much, much more in graphic, uncut, unflinching detail as only the coroner's camera can show you!

This is not re-created in any way! This does not contain scenes from other obscure movies! This is packed with never before seen footage of the most amazing display of human destruction ever shown on any film!

Get ready now, to journey into the world of the dead...Into part 1 of the most incredible video series that you will ever see!

UNRATED
Appox. 90 minutes / Color
HiFi Stereo
© 1996 Foxx Ent. / J. Meyers Film Ent.
All rights Reserved

WARNING
The material contained in this film is extremely graphic and is not suitable for all audiences

$52.95 DELIVERED!
$64.95 Outside the US - Price includes AirMail Delivery!
(Not responsible for items held at foreign customs)

FIVE CHARACTERS A CAMERA AND A JUNKYARD

Stephen R. Bissette .....on *The Sadist*

–"Nobody remembers a crazy man."
Charles Raymond Starkweather

A car stalling under a blazing sun lists into an off-route repair garage situated on a desolate stretch of Californin desert. The passengers, three schoolteachers on their way to a baseball game forty miles away, still have ninety minutes left before the game begins. Repairs should only take a half-hour; with all the wrecks visible on the lot, there should be no trouble finding the part. With any luck, they'll make it to the game before the first inning is over...

I'm being a little deceitful here. Actually, the film tips its hand in the first minute.

The film opens with a tiny horizontal gray rectangle amid the black screen, out of which peer two furtive, narrowed eyes which avoid looking directly at us. A teenage boy drawls, "I have been hurt by others, and I will hurt them. I will make them suffer like I have suffered."

As the rectangle grows, drawing the feral eyes closer, an authoritative narrator tells us these are "The words of a sadist, one of the most disruptive elements in human society. To have complete mastery over another, to make him a helpless object, to humiliate him, to enslave, to inflict moral insanity on the innocent – that is his objective, his twisted pleasure!"

Brass blares on the soundtrack, the eyes suddenly fill the screen and glare directly at us, and the title – *The Sadist* – splashes over the image.

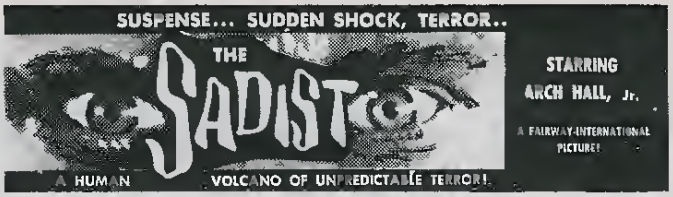
So began a forgotten low-budget black and white shocker which had precious little going for it back in 1963 Mongrel no-name "stars" and an unknown director's credit were snuggled up beneath an unpleasant title from an obscure distributor Like its titular character, *The Sadist* had only one thing going for it:

It had nothing to lose

And that gave it an edge

By the time those schoolteachers stepped out of their car, we knew they weren't going to make it to the ballgame

In more ways then one, it was a whole new ballgame



A FAIRWAY-INTERNATIONAL IMPACT PICTURE!

Remember, this was 1963. Audiences justifiably held certain expectations dear. Movies, even horror movies, just didn't play dirty. Horror movies were entertainments, not obstacle courses, and certainly not endurance tests. For the most part, movies still adhered to certain narrative traditions, most of which were still enforced by the production codes and regional censorship boards: the good guys won, the villains were punished, and, however lean and mean the movie might pretend to be, certain moral codes still held sway.

By 1963, though, things were beginning to change. In the wake of Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* (likewise a low-budget, black and white feature), horror and suspense films were becoming a little more mean-spirited. Hitchcock had dared to assault mainstream audience sensibilities with irrevocable audacity, cutting his movie's star down (and in a shower, of all places!) just as the story seemed to be getting underway. Suddenly, the kid gloves were off. The stakes had been raised (and let us not forget that 1963 was the year Herschell Gordon Lewis placed his bet with an full-color gorefest entitled *Blood Feast* – but that pioneer effort had not yet seen the light of a projection bulb when *The Sadist* was being made).

If another black and white, low-budget shocker was going to generate any heat at the boxoffice or among audiences, it had to have an edge to it.

To have an edge, you had to be willing to play the game.

If you had nothing to lose, you played *hardball*.

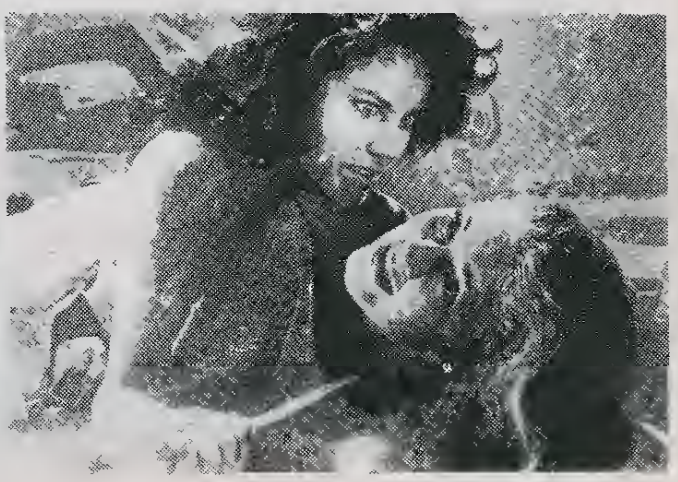
Hardball was definitely what was in store for those three waylaid schoolteachers in *The Sadist*.

Canadian actor Richard Alden stars as phys-ed teacher Ed Stiles. In his first minute of screentime, we know Ed is our nominal hero: not particularly likeable, but clearly a man of action. He's the one who pops the hood and identifies the fuel pump as the problem, rolls up his sleeves to get to work, and delivers the (already) inevitable, "Where's the people who run this place?"

The older man, soft-spoken and ineffectual, is a history teacher named Carl Oliver (Don Russell), a fifty-something family man enjoying his autumn years and a day off to the ballpark with his friends.

Then there's "the frail," young math teacher Miss Don's Page (Helen Hovey), prim and proper and dressed in virginal white and high heels. A moment's dialogue establishes her ignorance of baseball, her fear of snakes, and (once Ed and Carl are out of her earshot) that she is the target of the school jocks' disdain as "Miss Icebuckets." Forever underestimating the cruelties about to be inflicted upon her, Don's is also our heroine.

As Ed gets his hands dirty removing a fuel pump from a wreck, Carl investigates the apparently abandoned home of the owners. His suspicions are aroused when he discovers a still-warm unfinished meal on the kitchen table. As he alerts Ed and Don's to the



mystery, a pistol barrel looms up in the foreground (the first of many such intrusions: even in pre-Kennedy assassination America, the gun is power).

Finally, the monsters intrude, as we meet the gun-wielding teenage white-trash couple, Charley Tibbs (Arch Hall, Jr.) and Judy (Marilyn Manning).

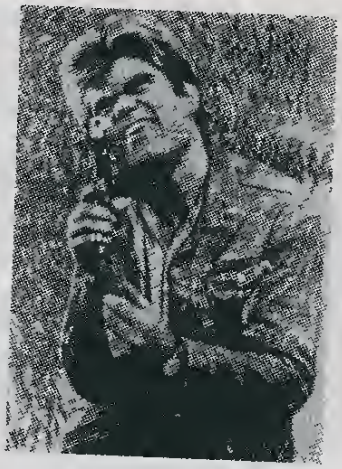
Arch Hall, Jr. was only nineteen when he starred as *The Sadist*.

Thanks to his dad (Arch Hall, Sr., natch, who also acted under the pseudonyme "William Wallers"), he was already a drive-in movie vet. At 16, he was the young hero of the lovesick-caveman-on-the-loose saga *EEGAH! The Name Written in Blood* (1962) and the motorcyling soon-to-be-a-rock'n'roll-star of *Wild Guitar* (also 1962, directed by Ray Dennis Steckler). He would go on to co-star (with dad) in another of Hall, Sr.'s impoverished productions, *The Nasty Rabbit* (1965). In an era when teenagers were usually played by actors in their twenties or thirties, Hall Jr. was, at least, the real thing, blond, buff, and blue-eyed.

Savoring the casting against type, Arch Jr. gave *The Sadist* his all. Hall Jr.'s performance as Charley was coltishly raw and occasionally overblown, but earnest and surprisingly convincing throughout. Hall's broad, pug-nosed youthful good looks lent Charley an immediate charisma his actions offset: one easily believed he could catch rides across country with Judy – and was culpable for the wake of death left behind. The little-boy pout and puppy-dog promiscuity with Judy tipped into razored sniggers, leers, and teeth-baring grimaces with mercurial intensity, bright eyes brooding or blazing at the slightest provocation.

Keeping Ed and his friends at gunpoint, Charley promises "me and my girl will go away, and won't bother you" once Ed fixes the car – but the game begins immediately.

Charley feigns shooting Doris in the head before moving his attention to Carl and his wallet. When Charley



scowls at the paltry sum of money inside, Carl pleads, "We're only school teachers, young man," inadvertently tapping into a vein of latent hatred.

"We don't like schoolteachers," Charley growls, "teachers think they're so much smarter than everybody else... Teachers used to call Judy dumb, make fun of her, send her home from school crying..."

Biting her fingers in gleeful anticipation, Judy thoroughly enjoys the spectacle of Charley tearing up Carl's game tickets and family photos before he pistol-whips the old man unconscious.

Cinematographer Vilmos (here credited as "William") Zsigmond filmed the pistol-whipping from inside a junk vehicle, framing Carl's battered head in the gleaming spider-webbing of the shattered car window. This bloodlessly emphasized the violence of the moment and ominously foreshadowed Carl's eventual fate with a tactile immediacy. Up to this point in the film, the visual narrative was unassertively evocative and economic, deftly conveying story, character, and atmosphere. The visual narrative

remained impeccably crafted throughout, but here – with the first eruption of violence – it aggressively kicked into gear with unflinching clarity. Suddenly, the film seemed *dangerous*, shattering the predictable set-up and awkward dramaturgy. The violence, hardly gory by contemporary standards, soon escalated.

Writer/director James Landis was clearly the auteur, knowingly calculating and executing what remains his only noteworthy effort (he also directed *The Nasty Rabbit* and *Deadwood '76*, both 1965, for the Hall Sr. and Jr. team). There may have been considerable on-set improvisation, but Landis' taut script never meanders, maintaining its relentless focus from the first shot to "The End" title. Landis' conceit was simple: *The Sadist* unreeled in the "real time" of its tale. What has become a narrative gimmick in recent Hollywood product like John Badham's *Nick of Time* was utilized here as the most efficient means of telling the story and honestly generating immediacy and suspense.

Giving Landis his due, one is tempted to consider Zsigmond an essential architect, responsible for much of the film's enduring power. Discussing his early work on films like *The Sadist*, Zsigmond said, ". . we did our own thing. Even though it was low-budget, we still did what we wanted to do with the equipment we had and we did it right" (quoted from *Masters of Light* by Dennis Schaefer and Larry Salvato, University of California Press, 1984, page 316). Zsigmond's remarkable cinematography defines the look and vigor of the film, lending a potent "you are there" reality to the proceedings. Zsigmond had, after all, braved Russian tanks while shooting thousands of feet of footage (with fellow countryman and cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs) of the 1956 revolution in his native country of Hungary, before fleeing to Austria and on to the US. Non-union independent filmmaking paying little or no money provided Zsigmond – and Kovacs – inroads into Hollywood, where they both joined the ranks of the industry's most renowned

Graveside
Entertainment
A different
playground awaits,
beyond these gates—
GRAVESIDE CEMETERY
For the Arcane, Gothic,
& Fantastic. For Rare Horror,
Soundtracks, movies, and more...
Get our $3.00 "CATA-ZINE" full of movies & Articles
1857 Wells Road, Suite ~225· Orange Park, FL 32073 (904) 278-2111
or E~mail us from
http://www.Graveside.com

THREAT THEATRE

SEX, SHOCKS & SADISM!

An A-Z Guide To Erotic & Unusual Horror Films On Video By

TODD TJERSLAND

"High Quality... sure to satisfy!"
---PSYCHOTRONIC VIDEO

"The Ultimate in Sleaze!"
---CULT MOVIES

"An unbelievable reference guide to the sickest movies ever made... Todd's writing style is vivid and enthusiastic... ...lives up to its cover claim of being 'The Most Horrifying Book Ever'."
---THE DARK SIDE

ENTER the sin-soaked world of cinematic sex and splatter with the only book that dares to delve into the most extreme and fiendish films from Europe, Asia and America. Read all about movies like **GHOUL SEX SQUAD, CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** and **S&M TORTURE FREAKS!** Over 350 detailed reviews, packed with over 125 rare erotic/gore photos you won't see anywhere else. Absolutely the most **PERVERTED** and **REPULSIVE** book you will ever read. Definitely **NOT** for the **SQUEAMISH!**

New Revised & Expanded Second Edition:
$9.95 U.S./$14.95 Foreign.

GUILTY PLEASURES

- The Magazine of Forbidden Films & Erotic Horror -

"This mag is sleazy as shit and proud of it, with editor Todd Tjersland diving face first into the world of horror and gore."
---SHOCK CINEMA

ISSUE #1: William (**MANIAC**) Lustig Interview, The Erotic Vampire Films of Jean Rollin, Laura (**CALIGULA 2**) Gemser, Zombie Gore Guide (part 1), MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY, I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE, **BLOODSUCKING FREAKS**, SLAVES IN BONDAGE, Comics, Reviews, More! Sexy **LIVING DEAD GIRL** cover.
$4.95 U.S./$6.95 Foreign

NEW ISSUE #2: 3 Exclusive Interviews: Larry (**IT'S ALIVE!**) Cohen, Paul (FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN) Morrisey and Lina (**THE PERVERSE COUNTESS**) Romay! Zombie Gore Guide (part 2), Serial Killers, Cronenberg's **CRASH**, Forrest J Ackerman Talks Dirty About 80 Years Of Erotic Horror, First Look At **BRUTAL ZOMBIE RAPE** In **THE NECRO FILES**, ILSA THE WICKED WARDEN, Underground Gore, Comics, Reviews! Disgusting **DAWN OF THE DEAD** "exploding head" cover.
$4.95 U.S./$6.95 Foreign

GIANT NEW 1997 CATALOG
UNCUT SLEAZE & GORE VIDEOS!
NOW WITH $200.00 IN COUPONS!
*** FULLY ILLUSTRATED. ONLY $5.00**

VIDEOS: $19.95 EACH

CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST: Rape-n-gore! (X)
ENTRAILS OF THE VIRGIN: Girl's guts yanked out thru vagina! Japanese only. (X)
INQUISITION: Witch orgies & torture! (X)
KUNG-FU SEX MASSACRE: Naked ninjas, rapists, magic tits, more! Japanese only. (X)
LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN: Jess Franco's sleazy Satanic nun orgies! (X)
THE MEDUSA CONSPIRACY Horny campers sprout tentacles out of their breasts & vaginas for rape action! Japanese only. (X)
SS EXTERMINATION CAMP: Hellish Nazi sex-n-torture! Uncut, letterboxed. (X)
STALKER: S&M rapist! Japanese only. (X)
STALKER 2: Cannibal rapist bites off girl's boobs in sick sequel! Japanese only. (X)
SUPER NAKED & POWER PUSSY: Naked superhero army fight S&M creeps with their killer glowing vaginas! Japanese only. (X)

BUY ANY 4 TAPES, GET 1 TAPE FREE
OR, BUY ALL 10 TAPES FOR $165.00
POSTAGE PAID. YOU SAVE $23.00
FREE VIDEO CATALOG WITH ORDER

THREAT THEATRE
P.O. BOX 7633, OLYMPIA, WA 98507-7633

YES! Submerge me in smut! Send me the far-out films, book, magazines and/or catalog that I've listed below:

Item Description:	Price:
Subtotal:	
Add $3.05 S&H per item (U.S.) Add $5.05 S&H per item (Foreign)	
+ $2.50 Insurance (Required)	$2.50
+ $1.00 Service Charge (Credit Cards Only)	
+ 8% Sales Tax (WA State Only)	
GRAND TOTAL:	

I am enclosing the above amount in the form of (circle one): **Cash Check Money Order**
All Foreign Orders must be in US dollars drawn on a US bank.

Please charge my credit card (circle one): **VISA MC DISCOVER AMEX**

CARD #: _____

EXPIRATION DATE: ____/____

MINIMUM CREDIT CARD ORDER: $20.00

I am an adult, age 21 or older, authorizing Threat Theatre International, Inc to ship me sexually explicit adult material for my own personal use at home. I will not show this material to minors. I am not, nor am I working with, a member of any international, federal, state, county, city or postal law enforcement agency or organization. this material for the purpose of collecting evidence for the prosecution or harrassment of Threat Theatre International Inc or any of its employees, officers or customers. I do not believe the material I am ordering is illegal or obscene by my own personal standards, nor by my community standards. I have not, and have no intention of asking, any postal authorities to protect me from receiving sexually-explicit adult material, so pour on the filth.

*** YOU MUST SIGN & FILL OUT THIS SECTION**

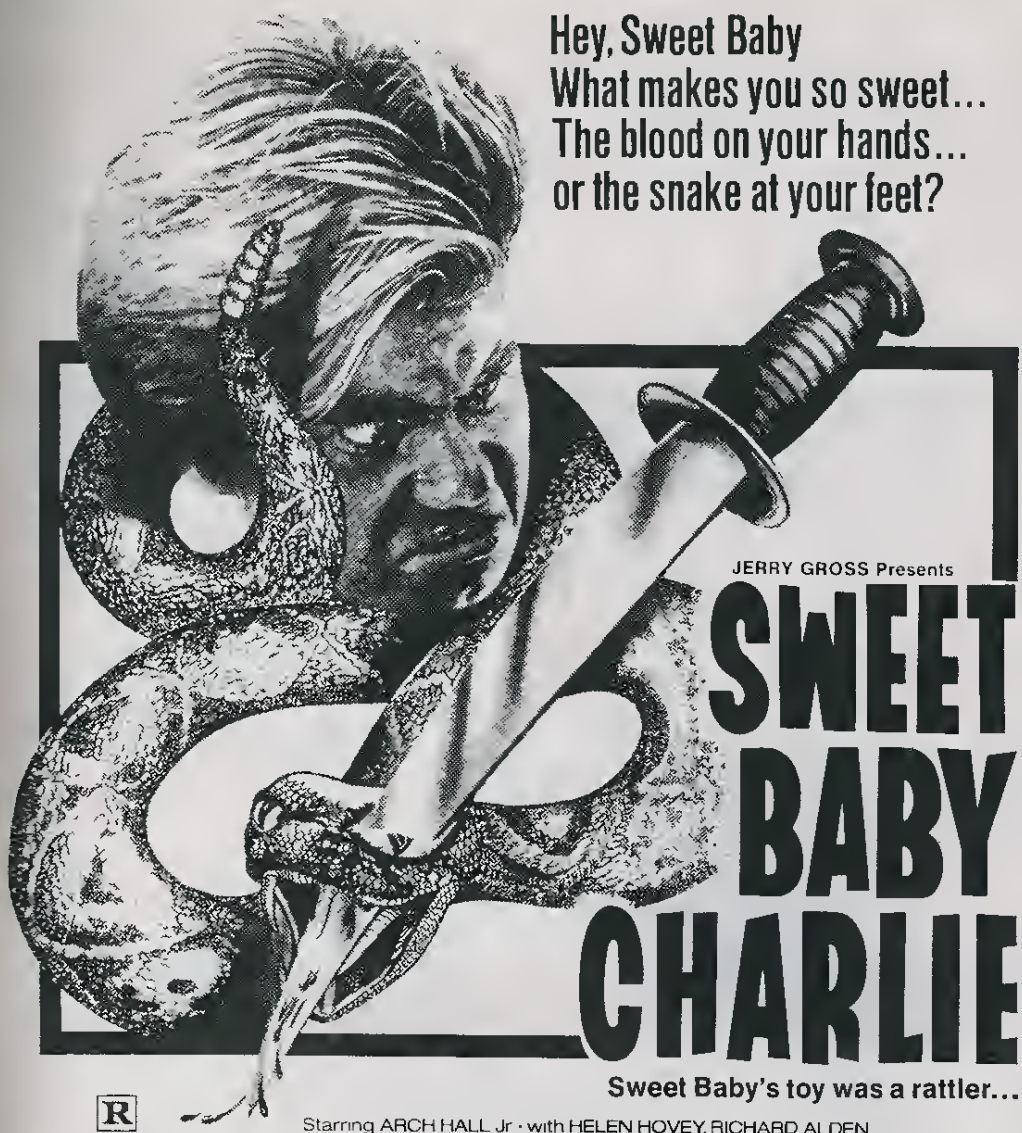
Signature: _____ Age: ____

Name: _____

Address: _____ Apt.#: ____

City: _____ State: ____ Zip: _____

Country (Foreign Orders Only): _____


Hey, Sweet Baby
What makes you so sweet...
The blood on your hands...
or the snake at your feet?
JERRY GROSS Presents
SWEET BABY CHARLIE
Sweet Baby's toy was a rattler...
R
RESTRICTED
Starring ARCH HALL Jr · with HELEN HOVEY, RICHARD ALDEN
a JERRY GROSS presentation · Written and Directed by JAMES LANDIS
Distributed by CINEMATION INDUSTRIES
THEATRE

cinematographers. *The Sadist* was Zsigmond's first screen credit, initiating a run that would include other cheapjack productions directed by Landis and Ray Dennis Steckler, along with *Psycho A Go-Go!* (1965), *The Name of the Game is Kill!* (1968, aka *The Female Trap*), *Horror of the Blood Monsters* (1970), and others before graduating to the major studios (*McCabe and Mrs. Miller, Deliverance*, etc.) in 1971.

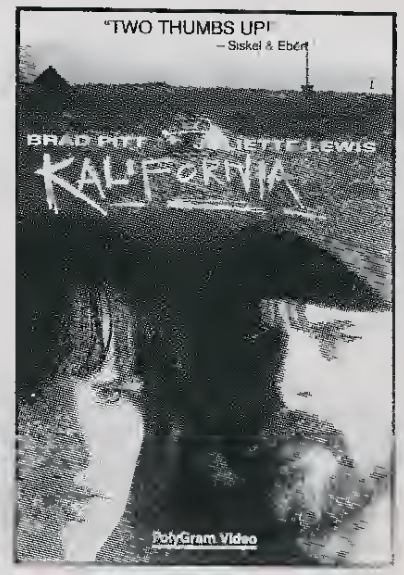
Charley is a prime sociopath, the volatile essence of every school bully unleashed: swaggering, leering, taunting, mean and lean with a delinquent's hunched posture, coiled like a snake, ready and eager to strike. Worse yet, his psychopathology is uncluttered by drug-use, alcohol, or deviant sexuality. Charlie drinks soda and is genuinely affectionate with Judy, but he simply doesn't give a fuck about anybody else. He enjoys inflicting pain because it amuses him.

Empowered by his gun and blade, Charley corners "Miss Goody-Good Good" Doris. He assaults her, tearing her blouse and groping her breast, but ultimately revels in childishly forcing her to eat dirt. His rejection of her and descent into casual playground sadism is as degrading as the very real threat of rape, and more frightening. Charley isn't the least bit interested in Doris as a woman. She's just another adult he can enjoy watching squirm, bleed, and die.

The cat-and-mouse bullying continues until Carl is pleading for mercy, vainly appealing to a sense of decency his tormenters simply do not harbor. Ultimately his life hangs on a swig of soda – when the bottle is empty, Charley callously shoots him in the face (point blank and on-camera in a clean but genuinely shocking shot).

Ed, our nominal hero, is effectively emasculated by his own helplessness in the face of such random, motiveless violence. "You can't reason with that kid," Ed tells Doris, "he wants blood, and nobody's going to talk him out of it. Don't you understand what we're dealing with? He's a psycho.."

He was, indeed. Charley was the culmination of the juvenile delinquent archetype films had exploited for almost a decade, replete with denim jacket, blade, and slicked-back hair. But he significantly embodied a new kind of screen psychopath, one far more volatile and public than Hitchcock and Robert Bloch's Norman Bates. When Ed recalled "reading last week about those brutal killings in



Arizona ," 1960s audiences were confronted with a recognizable, and still topical, archetype carved from the headlines. "Killed seven people," Ed continued, "made them get on their knees and shot them in the head... must be a real thrill to wipe out a family of five."

In January of 1958, 19-year old Charles Starkweather and his 14-year old girlfriend Caril Ann Fugate tore through their native Nebraskan homelands on a shooting spree, killing ten people in eight days before the authorities apprehended them. Starkweather was the harbinger of a new kind of violence in the American landscape: aimless, autonomous, and without comprehensible motive. Others soon followed -- Speck, Whitman, DeSalvo, Manson -- but it began with Starkweather, and the shock waves rippled out of Nebraska and continue to reverberate to this day. A murderous teenage "rebel without a cause" with his James Dean affectations and underage nymph Fugate in tow (as accomplice? or unwitting lover trapped by circumstance?), Starkweather was a terrifying child of the Fifties who carved a new kind of celebrity for himself in blood and bullets -- and did so knowingly, recognizing this would be his only shot at fame.

Like his hero James Dean, Starkweather became an icon of his era, unlike Dean, few remember his name, face, or crimes, only his echo in the pop cultural nightmares. Like Ed Gein, Starkweather's legacy is known to generations who have never heard of him: Charles and Caril are the Charley and Judy of *The Sadist*, Kit and Holly of *Badlands* (1973), Early and Adele of *Kalifornia* (1993), Mickey and Mallory of *Natural Born Killers* (1994), Ray and Patricia in *The Frighteners* (1996), ad infinitum. (Only two features offer fairly accurate accounts of Starkweather and Fugate's joyride: *Stark Raving Mad*, aka *Execution*, 1976, and the made-for-TV docudrama *Murder in the Heartland*, 1993) Each pop incarnation is writ larger, more self-consciously mythic.

Charles and Caril are indelibly part of the American nightmare.

I won't give away any more of the story; I've already told you too much. Suffice to say things get much worse for Ed and Don's, our nominal hero and heroine. Nerves fray and tension builds to a feverish pitch. By the time the climax is over -- and we hear the car radio broadcast of the ballgame that is being played only forty miles away -- The Sadist has gotten more mileage out of five characters, a junkyard, and a camera than any of today's blockbuster filmmakers seem able to squeeze out of $70 million, an all-star cast, and obscene guaranteed first-weekend boxoffice.

Fairway-International's scattershot distribution relegated *The Sadist* to obscurity. Why would anyone pay attention to a ratshit cheapie with a title like that? After about two more

BADLANDS

IN 1959, A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE KILLING TIME. KIT WAS KILLING PEOPLE.

years of active business, Fairway-International closed up shop, and *The Sadist* was pawned off to occasional late-night TV broadcast under the nondescript title *The Profile of Terror*

In the early 1970s, Jerry Gross' notorious Cinemation Industries re-released *The Sadist* to the drive-in circuit as *Sweet Baby Charlie*, with an ad campaign playing up the film's nerve-jangling use of rattlesnakes (oh, I didn't mention the rattlers, did I?) to exploit the fleeting popularity of animal-horror movies like *Willard* and *Stanley* (the latter featuring a boy and his snakes as lead menace).

Thanks in part to a perceptive review of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* which appeared in the fanzine *Photon*, championing Tobe Hooper's shocker while accurately citing *The Sadist* as a blueprint of sorts, Landis' modest shocker became a highly sought-after item among collectors and the growing video bootleg market. Those without inflated expectations of the film's gore quotient, willing and able to watch the film in the context of the period in which it was made, were surprised to find *The Sadist* more than lived up to its reputation.

Rhino Video finally acquired the rights to *The Sadist* in the late 1980s, and continue to offer it at an affordable sell-through price in their current catalogue. Rhino's packaging lures contemporary viewers with the pitch, "Before there was Jason, Before there was Freddy, There was *THE SADIST*" (they're right, but not because of Charley, starring as Doris, Helen Hovey is the prototype for 1980s slasher heroine, the archetype embodied by Jamie Lee Curtis, Adrienne King, and Heather Langenkamp).

Though almost forgotten today, *The Sadist* was the first film based on the Starkweather case, and it remains the only Starkweather-inspired narrative unapologetically played for shock and suspense. Unlike subsequent Starkweather-inspired features, *The Sadist* in no way asks us to sympathize with Charley or Judy – only their victims. In its day, it relentlessly courted 1960s audience expectations for the traditional suspense-film devices they were comfortable with, only to dash their hopes time and time again. As such, *The Sadist*'s spare, straightforward modus operandi marks it as a significant precursor to classics like *Night of the Living Dead*, *Last House on the Left*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, and *The Hills Have Eyes*.

"Nobody remembers a crazy man," Charles Starkweather despaired.

But America never forgot what this teenage "crazy man" did.

The collective screen of the national mass consciousness whispers and screams and rubs our nose in it, again and again and again...

THE SADIST (1963, Fairway-International)
Stars: Arch Hall, Jr., Richard Alden, Marilyn Manning, Don Russell, Helen Hovey. PHO: William (Vilmos) Zsigmond. EDI: Anthony M. Lanza. MUS: Rod Moss. PROD MAN: D.B. Russell. ART: Mark Von Berblineer. PRO: L. Steven Snyder. SCR/DIR: James Landis

Mercury Films presents a Jim VanBebber film
Charlie's Family * *Starring* Marc Pitman, Leslie Orr, Maureen Allisse, Marcelo Games, Jim VanBebber, D'uan Edmonds, Charlie Goetz, Tina Martin, Geoff Burkman, Jim Sayer and Carl Day * *Music by* Download, Phil Anselmo, Superjoint Ritual, Down, Charles Manson, and Body and Blood * *Director of Photography* Mike King * *Edited by* Jim VanBebber and Michael Capone * *Associate Producer* Michael Capone * *Special Makeup Effects by* Jim Van Bebber and Andy Copp * *Produced by* Mike King * *Written and Directed by* Jim VanBebber * 95 minutes * Unrated

THE TIME HAS COME...

CHARLIE'S FAMILY

a film by Jim VanBebber

REVIEW BY— Chas Balun

Ohio filmmaker Jim VanBebber, whose previous short films *Roadkill: The Last Days of John Martin* (1988) and *My Sweet Satan* (1993) (Grand Prize Winner at the New York Underground Film Festival) and lone feature, *Deadbeat at Dawn* (1988), showed a ferocious, original and courageous talent of work, goes positively ballistic with *Charlie's Family*

This is a genuinely frightening film expenence. The murders, of course, are, indeed, horrifying. Shorn of all cinematic artifice, they are presented with all the stylish panache of a real snuff film. But it is not merely the bloodshed nor the hair-raising, vicious knife attacks or frenzied, predatorial violence that proves the most troubling. That would be far too easy for a director of VanBebber's abilities. What *really* gets under your skin about *Charlie's Family* is the bleak, amoral landscape it explores, populated by soulless scavengers bound by blood to a messianic mad dog. This is an incendiary work, a devastating and profoundly disturbing glimpse into The Belly of the Beast. No prisoners are taken. No mercy asked

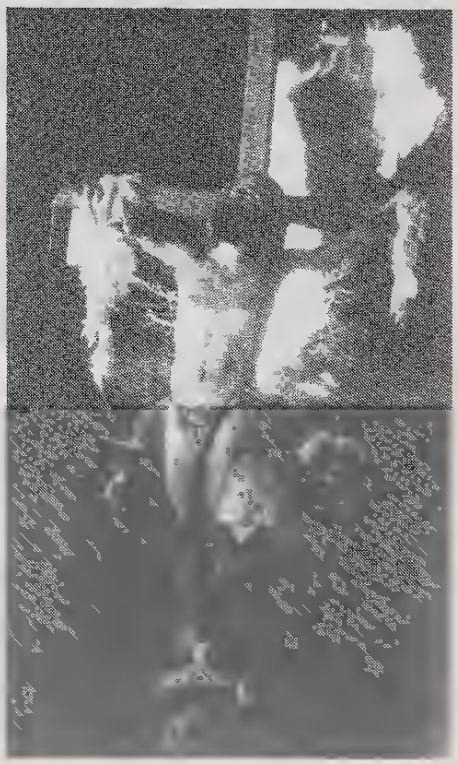
VanBebber has really done his homework here. This is a heavily researched film and about as close to the truth as we're ever going to get. The TV epic, *Helter Skelter*, now plays like *Happy Days*. In his introduction to the new European edition of Ed Sanders' *The Family* (one creepy-crawlin' mindfuck of a book) VanBebber says, "In researching the material, I became aware of the *Rash*omon-type ambience surrounding various parties' accountings of what actually took place. (Prosecutor) Vincent Bugliosi is not to be trusted to tell the tale. Tex Watson's and Susan Atkins' books are little more than whitewashes. Manson's own book...is self-serving. The many other publications are one-sided and incomplete."

You may not appreciate *all* of VanBebber's research, however. Nearly every one of the Voytek Frykowski's 51 stab wounds are presented in vivid, horribly graphic detail. "He wouldn't die. We kept stabbing and stabbing and *stabbing*..." smirk the Mansonoids. After innumerable cuts, gashes and stab wounds incurred while fending off a butcherknife attack with her hands, Abigail Folger sobs, "I give up, take me." She is rewarded with countless flashes of the knife before her throat is slit. Her bloodied body is rolled over and stabbed again and again as her body convulses in its death throes. Later, Rosemary LaBianca bears witness to her husband's savage murder before she too succumbs to a barbarous assault. The killers push her aside, pull up her nightgown and bury a barbeque fork in her buttocks. It ends with the barbecue fork quivering in husband Leno's belly, a knife protruding from his neck and "War" carved into his chest. It is a profoundly sad, heinous and repellent sequence. This is not horrorshow, splatter film gore. This shit really *hurts*.

Told in mock documentary fashion, *Charlie's Family* jumps back and forth through time, following Jack Wilson, the star of *Crime Scene TV*, as he assembles a special program to be broadcast on the 25th anniversary of the Tate-La Bianca murders. Wilson wants to know more about "...the people

" You may not appreciate all of VanBebber's research, however. Nearly every one of Frykowski's 51 stab wounds are presented in vivid, horribly graphic detail. "

Marcelo Games as "Charlie": chords and crucifixion



Mike King (r) shoots the Tate house massacre

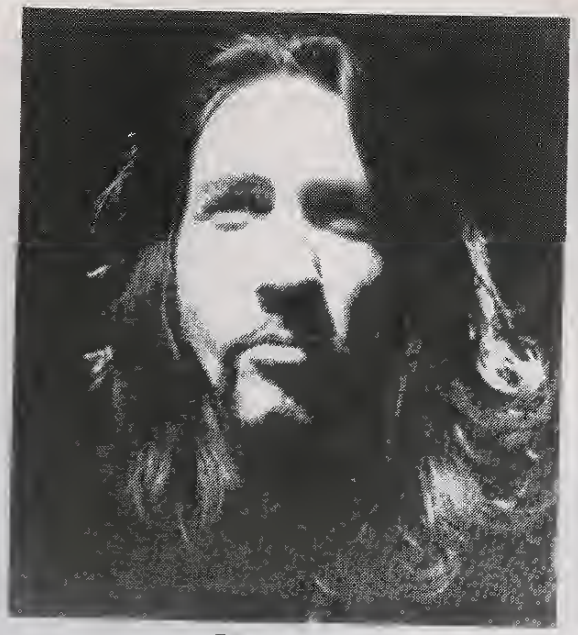
who actually stabbed and shot *Not* Charlie." By the film's climax, Wilson knows far too much and pays dearly

As VanBebber has fashioned a film built around a fictional documentary, you'll find plenty of talking heads here, *de rigeur* for this format, so don't be alarmed Because of VanBebber's meticulous research, these people all come alive Fully formed, all flesh-and-blood, with the accent on the latter.

Though VanBebber's a young buck of 32 and a full generation removed from your REDitor, his characters speak the same acid-damaged, freakazoid revolutionary rhetoric I heard countless times during the '60s. I felt as if I had known people exactly like this; not *quite* as fried and homicidal perhaps, but way close enough. The Mansonoids promise they'll make "...Nazi Germany look like a picnic. L.A. will burn to the ground." They spit venom at an older generation and proclaim, "Your children will rise up and kill you."

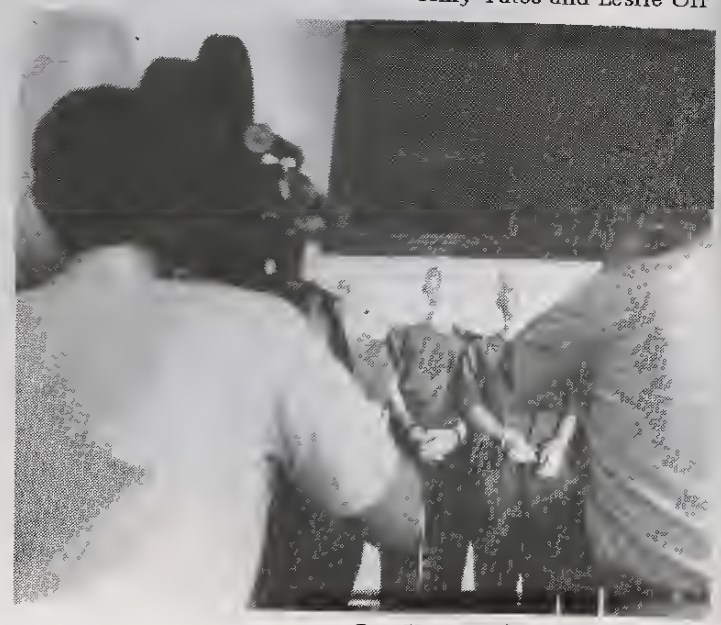
Many people died on the nights of August 9 and 10, 1969, but so did a dream many of us held The '60s ended here, bloody footprints trailing away from the suburban apocalypse, the air heavy with hate and calamity

For a mostly-amateur cast, *Charlie's Family* is filled with riveting, compelling performances Marc Pitman is an oily, snaky, self-deluded Tex Watson, recalling his crimes from a prison chapel, smug and smirking in his cleric's collar surrounded by religious iconography. Leslie Orr and Maureen Allisse are slogan-spouting harlots from hell, killing with the same intensity they bring to their animalistic sex orgies. VanBebber, who lost over 30 pounds to play Bobby Beausoleil, oozes serpentine charm, sardonically explaining his life term



Director VanBebber as "Bobby"

Amy Yates and Leslie Orr



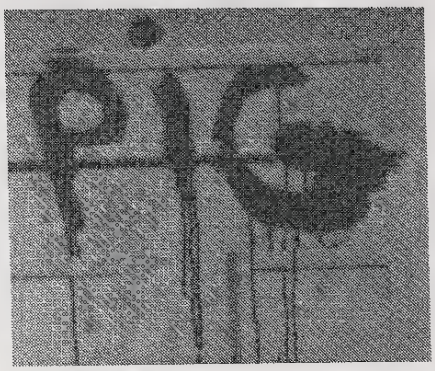
Orr, Yates and Maureen Allisse

for murder has "...effectively negated all of my creative efforts...*forever.*" Marcelo Games as Charlie is really just a penpheral character despite the eponymous title, an *agent provocateur*, if you will, because as the fictional TV producer explained before, the focus is on "the people who actually stabbed and shot Not Charlie."

Hats off to producer/cinematographer Mike King, whose inventive, agressive camera work gives *Charlie's Family* the feel of a Fellini film cross-bred with *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and the home movies of Reverend Jim Jones.

One of the other many surprises *Charlie's Family* offers is a chance to actually hear some of the real Manson's folk-tinged, cryptic songs from the infamous "Lie" album, which VanBebber securred six songs for use in the film's soundtrack. And, surprise! Manson did possess at least a yeomen level of talent for singing, songwriting and guitar playing.

Charlie's Family ends like it began, in horrific violence. A modern day Cult O' Charlie stakes out the TV studio of producer Jack Wilson when they uncover his plans to mount a documentary based on the 25th anniversary of the Manson Massacre. The climactic, frenzied, blood-drenched assault in the studio is heap full of mucho bad mojo. But then, you *knew* that.



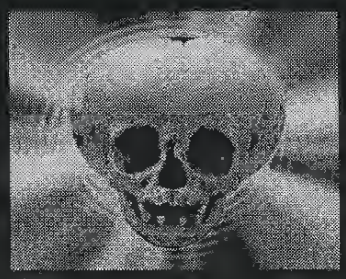
Charlie's Family is a soul-shredding, intense masterpiece of cinema *verite*, a scalding and ferociously courageous debunking of the Manson Mythos. It is no venal entertainment, but a horrifying epiphany of the highest order.

NOW OVER 1,400 TAPES OF TERROR

Your Video Source for the Best Quality, Selection and Service Since 1983! Now Over 1,400 Horror, Exploitation, Sexploitation, Slasher, Cult, Sleaze, Eurotrash, Gore, Adult Classics, Obscure Cinema, Hong Kong Action/ Fantasy, Sci-Fi, and Many Hard-to-Find Rarities! $20 each, plus $3 s & h. (Add $1 each additional tape.) We Ship Worldwide! Order before sunset!
ORDER 6 VIDEOS & GET THE 7th FREE!NO LIMIT!

- ☐ The Abductors ('71) Chen Caffaro in Bondage!
- ☐ Alien Prey ('83/British) Alien & two lesbians
- ☐ Angels' Wild Women ('72) Regina Carroll
- ☐ Baba Yaga ('69/Italian) Carroll Baker, Witchcraft
- ☐ Bad Taste ('88) Peter Jackson dir/ unrated Euro version
- ☐ The Beauties & the Beast ('73) Uschi Digard
- ☐ A Bell From Hell ('73/Italian) Viveca Lindfors
- ☐ Bestial Cult of Sex & Violence ('81) Carradine hosts
- ☐ The Beyond ('81/ Libx) Uncut, Lucio Fulci directs
- ☐ The Black Room ('81) Linnea Quigley, dark & kinky
- ☐ Blood Feast ('63) Connie Mason, H.G. Lewis dir.
- ☐ Blood Freak ('72) Ins...ne Christian splatter film!
- ☐ Blood of the Vampire ('58/UK) Barbara Shelley
- ☐ The Blood Spattered Bride ('72/Ital.) Carmilla tale
- ☐ Body Puzzle ('92) Lamberto Bava directs, Unrated
- ☐ Brain Dead ('93) Uncut version of "Dead Alive"
- ☐ Breeders ('86) Aliens rape naked women
- ☐ The Burning ('80) Jason Alexander ("Seinfeld")
- ☐ Cafe Flesh ('79/ Uncut X-rated) Sexcapades!
- ☐ Caged Heat! ('74) Barbara Steele in prison!
- ☐ Caligula ('79/UK/Unrated) Malcolm McDowell
- ☐ Cannibal Girls ('72) Eugene Levy, I. Reitman dir
- ☐ Cannibal Holocaust ('79/Ital.) Ruggero Dedato dir
- ☐ The Car ('77) James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd
- ☐ Chinese Torture Chamber Story ('94/Chn-Eng subs/X)
- ☐ Circus of Horrors ('60)Y vonne Romain,Yvonne Monlaur
- ☐ Count Dracula ('78/BBC TV) Louis Jordan as T-160
- ☐ Countess Dracula ('71/UK) Ingrid Pitt, Hammer
- ☐ The Cut Throats ('76) Uschi Digard, Nazis!
- ☐ Delinquent Schoolgirls ('74) Michael Pataki
- ☐ Demon Rage ('80) Britt Ekland, John Carradine
- ☐ The Demons ('72) Sex-crazed nuns! J. Franco dir
- ☐ The Devil Doll ('64/UK) Yvonne Romain
- ☐ Die, Monster, Die ('65/UK/AIP) Boris Karloff
- ☐ Don't Go Near the Park ('81) Linnea Quigley
- ☐ Double Agent 73 ('74) Chesty Morgan is huge!
- ☐ Dracula Exotica ('80/ X) Samantha Fox, V. del Rio
- ☐ Dracula Sucks ('79) X version/Uncut Adult
- ☐ Eroticize ('83) Nude aerobics w/Kitten Natavidad
- ☐ Evils of the Night ('85) J. Newmar, T. Louise, J. Carradine
- ☐ Famous T & A ('82) Sybil Danning & nude clips
- ☐ Flesh Feast ('70) Veronica Lake's last film
- ☐ Forbidden Zone ('80) Susan Tyrrell, H. Villechaize
- ☐ Forced Entry ('75) Tanya Roberts, Nancy Allen
- ☐ Frogs ('72/AIP) Ray Milland, Sam Elliott
- ☐ Fruits of Passion ('81) Story of O' continues
- ☐ The G.I. Executioner ('71) Angelique Pettyjohn
- ☐ Ginger ('70) Chen Caffaro in Bondage Thriller
- ☐ Grave of the Vampire ('72) Michael Pataki
- ☐ Homicidal ('61) Jean Arless, William Castle directs
- ☐ Horror of the Blood Monsters ('70)Al Adamson dir
- ☐ House of Whipcord ('74) Peter Walker directs
- ☐ Ilsa, the Wicked Warden ('75) Dyanne Thorne
- ☐ Inside Desiree Cousteau ('79/X) costars Serena
- ☐ Invasion of the Bee Girls ('73) Victoria Vetri
- ☐ I Spit on your Grave ('78) Camille Keaton
- ☐ Kronos ('57) Jeff Morrow, Barbara Lawrence
- ☐ Lady Stay Dead ('83/Austr.) Gory psycho on the loose!
- ☐ The Loves of Irina ('73) Uncut "X" Jess Franco dir
- ☐ Make Them Die Slowly ('80/Italian) U. Lenzi dir
- ☐ Mark of the Devil ('69) Herbert Lom, Udo Kier
- ☐ Mark of the Devil II ('72) [illegible] K. Kaiser
- ☐ Mr. Sardonicus ('61) William Castle directs
- ☐ Ms. 45 ('81) Abel Ferrara directs, Zoe Tamerus Ms.
- ☐ Magnificent ('77/ X) Desiree Cousteau
- ☐ Myra Breckinridge ('70) Raquel Welch, Mae West
- ☐ Naked Super Witches of the Rio Amore ('77) Franco dir.
- ☐ Nocturna ('78) Nai Bonet, John Carradine
- ☐ Nuns of S'aint Archangelo ('73/Ital./Libx) O. Muti
- ☐ Nurse Sherri ('78) Jill Jacobsen, Al Adamson dir
- ☐ Opera ('88) Dario Argento dir., Cristina Marsillach
- ☐ The Other Hell ('80/ Italian) Possessed naked nuns!
- ☐ Perils of Gwendoline ('84) Tawny Kitaen/Bondage
- ☐ Pretty Peaches ('78/X) Desiree Cousteau classic
- ☐ A Place Called Today ('71) Chen Caffaro, I. Wood
- ☐ Robotrix ('91/ X /in Chinese/Libx) Amy Yip
- ☐ The Rogue ('76/Ital.) Barbara Bouchet, M. Lee
- ☐ Schizo ('76) Lynne Frederick, Stephanie Beacham
- ☐ Secret of Blood Island ('65)Barbara Shelly, Hammer!
- ☐ Snuff ('76) Alan Schackleton's banned uncut nasty
- ☐ S.S. Experiment Love Camp ('78) Nude Nazi torture!
- ☐ The Stranglers of Bombay ('60/UK) Guy Rolfe
- ☐ Street Trash ('88/Unrated) Jim Munro stars & directs
- ☐ A Study in Terror ('65/UK) J. Holmes vs. Jack the Ripper
- ☐ Superchick ('73) Joyce Jillson, Uschi Digard
- ☐ Sweet Sugar ('72/Uncut) Phyllis Davis behind bars
- ☐ Swingers Massacre ('72) Uschi Digard
- ☐ Tarts in Torment ('93/X)Bondage w/ Ashley Renee
- ☐ Terminal Island ('73) Phyllis Davis, Marta Kristen
- ☐ They Came From Within("76) Barbara Steele
- ☐ They Saved Hitler's Brain ('63) Audrey Caire
- ☐ The Time Travelers ('64) Preston Foster, J. Troy
- ☐ Titillation ('82/X) A. Pettyjohn, Kitten Natavidad
- ☐ Tomb of Torture ('63/Italian) Annie Albert
- ☐ Tracy I Love You ('87/X) Traci Lords, M. Jess
- ☐ The Trip ('67/AIP) Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg
- ☐ Twins of Evil ('71/UK) The Collinson twins
- ☐ The Undead ('56) Allison Hayes, R. Corman dir
- ☐ Unhinged ('83/Unrated version) Most Violent!
- ☐ The Vampire & The Ballerina ('60) Walter Brandt
- ☐ Vampire Circus ('72/UK) Adrienne Corri, Uncut
- ☐ Vampyres ('74/Uncut/UK) Anulka, M. Morris
- ☐ War Gods of the Deep ('65) V. Price, Susan Hart
- ☐ Working Girls ('74) Cassandra (Elvira) Peterson nude
- ☐ X-The Unknown ('56/UK) Dean Jagger
- ☐ Zombie ('79) Tisa Farrow, Lucio Fulci directs

Send $1 for the Newly Updated 1997 Tapes of Terror VIDEO CATALOG (Sent free with all orders). Foreign Catalog Orders: Send $2.
Orders payable to: P. Riggs, 6226 Dornell, Dept. DR, Houston, TX 77074



WEB PAGE DESIGN & GRAPHICS

by Jack Stots Lewis

The guy who brought you . . .
Dark Site of the SKULLS!
& The DEEP RED Home Page

http://www.graveside.com/deepred.htm
http://pioneer.gwc.cccd.edu/~jstotsl/
http://pioneer.gwc.cccd.edu/~jstotsl/dkskull/darksite2.html
http://pioneer.gwc.cccd.edu/~jstotsl/Bryce2/bryce2p.html
jstotsl@cccd.edu
stots@mailhost.primenet.com

VOLUME TWO

Funeral Party

A Celebratory Excursion into Extreme Realms of Life, Lust & Death

EDITED BY SHADE RUPE

Funeral Party II, the essential book for fans of dark entertainment, is a sublime collection of 144 pages of fine darkness and decadence—for the libertine in you. Our 16-page color portfolio—with artwork by Trevor Brown, George Kuchar and Mike Kuchar, Miguel Ángel Martín, Milo Sacchi and more—is reason enough to plant this thick tome on your coffee table. Only $17.95 plus $3 postage.

"A must-have for fans of cutting-edge dementia."
—*Shock Cinema*

"An impressive volume that should appeal to any fan of the extreme."
—*Factsheet Five*

"One hell of a production. Highly recommended."
—*Bloodsongs*

RUDE SHAPE PRODUCTIONS

511 6th Avenue, No. 325
New York, NY 10011
purehades@aol.com
www.horrornet.com/funeralparty.htm

VOLUME II

featuring

TREVOR BROWN
JACK KETCHUM
ULLI LOMMEL
WHITEHOUSE
LUCY TAYLOR
GEORGE KUCHAR
MIKE KUCHAR
JOHN SHIRLEY
HANS BELLMER
THE NOOSELETTER
JACK STEVENSON
KEVIN MITCHELL
THOMAS ROCHE
ROB HARDIN
MEL GORDON
MILO SACCHI
COLIN RAFF
JIMMIE ARROYO
MIGUEL MARTIN
TIMOTHY P BUTLER
MARLENE LEACH
JOSEPH B MAUCERI
THEATRE OF BLOOD

And other things we dug up...

SORRY, KIDS—FUNERAL PARTY II IS ONLY AVAILABLE TO READERS OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE!

Funeral Party II

DESIGN: LD Reigned for Helvetiborgs, Ltd. IMAGE <<Dead Girl>> by Trevor Brown

AN ACTOR'S MEMOIRS

by Marc Pitman

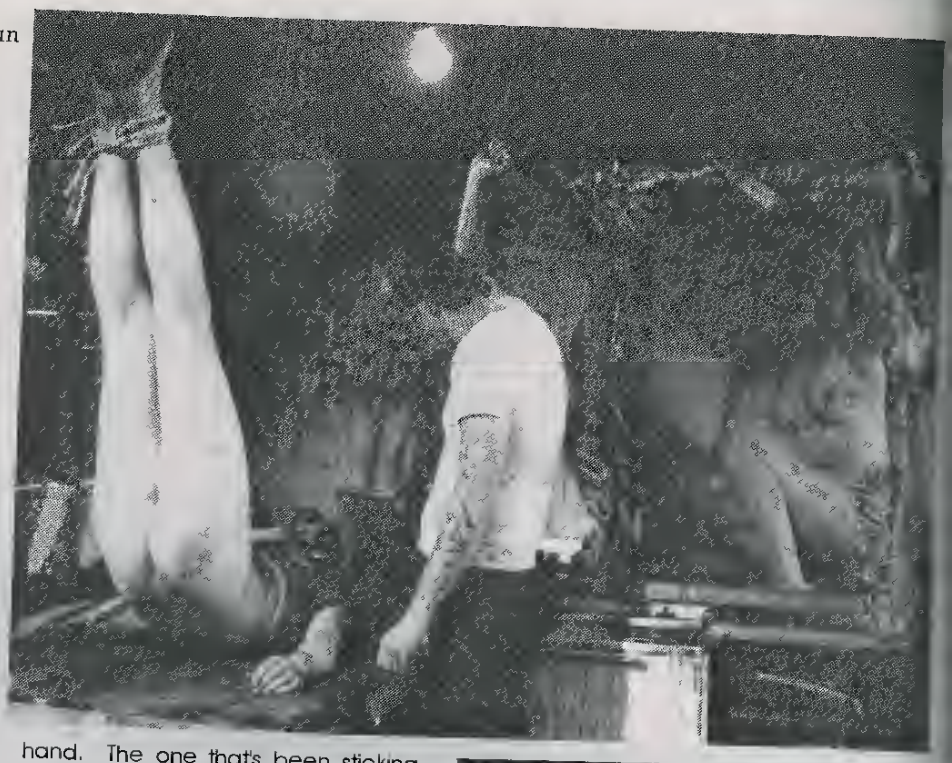
Have you ever been hung by your ankles from a meat hook buck naked? You say *maybe*? Well then, have you ever been hung by your ankles from a meat hook buck naked while some guy in a baseball cap *films* your lily-white ass? *Hmm*? I have and let me tell you, it's no picnic. Then again, working for Jim VanBebber is no picnic. I was supposed to be an actor, right? I was "Bonecrusher" in *Deadbeat at Dawn* and everybody seemed to like my performance. Jim and the gang (that is, Asmodeus Productions, Inc.) had an idea for the horror movie that would end all horror movies--*Roadkill: The Last Days of John Martin*. If you don't know by now, it's about a beer-guzzling, TV-watching, booger-picking ghoul who cruises the back roads of Ohio searching for hitchhikers and down-on-their-luck motorists. His plan: zap 'em with his trusty stun gun and bring them back to his midtown hovel to make a short-order meal. This is all pre-Jeffrey Dahmer, so don't get the idea that we were gleaning the headlines for ideas. No, this was a semi-original cooked up by Mr. VanBebber and was anticipated by all involved to be a bigger budget follow up to *Deadbeat*.

Although *Deadbeat* was enjoying some underground and overseas success, the bucks just weren't rolling in like everyone had hoped. So, in order to get financing for *Roadkill*, the boys decided to make a short promotional film for unsuspecting investors. I was asked to play one of the hapless victims along with an actress, whom I will call "Moe," in order to protect her identity. We shot the first scenes out on a country road somewhere. They went off without a hitch. I hadn't worked with Moe prior to this, but she seemed nice and willing to do almost anything for the film. I started thinking that I might have some fun here. Little was I to know that I would work with Moe a lot more in the future and that *Roadkill* would permanently scar my brain for life.

The Asmodeus film gang owned a three-story brick house in Cincinnati, in which we all lived. I shared the first floor with VanBebber. Aside from having to lock up my stereo system so that he wouldn't blow out my speakers, it worked fine. That is until he decided to turn the first floor into the *John Martin* set. The walls were splattered with red and green sticky gunk. The oven was converted into a *John Martin babe-a-que* pit. Chains hung from the ceiling and cow intestines rotted on the floor. Nightmarish, you say? Fuckin'-A! Try *living* there.

Moving along, Moe and I play a couple who have car problems. Along comes John Martin, who offers us a ride. He seems like a nice enough guy, kind of a loner and then--we get a blast from his stun gun. Suddenly, I'm hanging from the ceiling like a side of beef and Moe is in the babe-a-que, nude down to her panties. As it goes, John Martin is going to skin me alive in front of my gal, so I have to be in the buff. What the hell? I'm young and stupid; I'll do anything *once*, especially if it's for a *mooovieee*! Jim provided me with a covering for my goods that he had made out of one of his old jocks. I glued it on with liquid latex and was good to go.

I lay down on a specially rigged table while somebody wrapped chains around my ankles. Not wussy doggy chains, I'm talking heavy-duty *logging* chains. I'm hooked up to a hoist and up I go. So far, so good. I'm then instructed to put my hand through a hole in the table. A rubber



hand is put on the table in place of my real one, to give the illusion that my hand is being sawed away from my arm. Neat. Moe strips down to her undies and climbs into place. I can't see her because I'm hanging upside down and we knock-off the first couple of shots. Wait, there's a problem. Mike, the amazing cinematographer, tells Jim that he can plainly see that I have a jock glued to my pubes. After much consideration and pressure from everyone on the set (including Moe), I give in and tell them to take it off. What a pro! What a trooper! Give me a beer and let's shoot this damn thing! It's bad enough to be hanging from a meat hook, but now my doink's hanging out for all to see. It only gets *better.*

The camera rolls. It's decided to shoot Moe's stuff first so she can get out of the cage and put some clothes on. You know, she's a girl and I'm a guy, and I can take it, right? In the shot, she's supposed to be screaming as John Martin saws my arm and head off. For effect, it's decided that she should be sprayed with blood and goo. Jim's formula for realistic blood is a bottle of cheap pancake syrup and lots of red food coloring. Hey! None of those tubes and syringes for spraying blood, hell no! Jim just fills up his cheeks and spits it all over you! It works pretty good, unless someone makes Jim laugh and that happens alot. The camera's ready to roll, Jim's ready to spray, and I'm just hanging around. Someone yells "action." *Pppssshhhthhhttt!* Moe screams just right. *Too* right. She totally freaks out over the pancake syrup blood and has to get out of the babe-a-que--right now!!! She gets out and stands in the middle of the room, shivering. She begs Jim to let her take a shower, but he explains that it would mess up the continuity; she would just have to be sprayed again. She finally gives in and agrees to continue.

Meanwhile, one of the crew has been feeding me beer and cigarettes. I could give a shit about being sprayed with syrup or anything else for that matter. Keep 'em coming, boys! We continue to shoot Moe's stuff and then move on to me. I've been hanging from the meat hook for quite awhile and have gotten used to it--except for one thing. I can no longer feel my left hand. The one that's been sticking through the hole in the table. I ask how long I can keep my hand under there before that "circulation thing" becomes a problem. Nobody takes my inquiry very seriously. I can see myself losing the use of my left hand for this stupid movie. Finally, I've complained enough to be allowed to take my hand out of the hole and regain some of the feeling. I re-insert my hand and the rubber prop hand is reapplied. The camera rolls and the rest of the shot goes off without a hitch. It's a wrap. I try to get up, but after lying in pancake syrup all day, I've actually become glued to the table. A couple of crew members have to peel me off.

The apartment was never cleaned up as promised. It wasn't long before I had to move out. To this day, I cannot watch *Roadkill*. I've tried, but I always experience a weird Sense-O-Rama that leaves me feeling queasy. I know all the gorehounds love it and they can have it. I'll never be able to eat pancakes with syrup again.

The weeks turned into months and the feature-length version of *Roadkill* never came to be. The trailer was passed around to financiers but it proved to be far *too* much for them. VanBebber and crew came up with another hot idea--a quickie movie that would be more commercial, and easier for the money boys to swallow. The name of the film was to be *Cult Killer.* The idea was to shoot it in a week, for very little money, and then use the profits to make something bigger and better. Most of the production money was put up by the father of one of the original Asmodeus Productions partners, who had also given them the down payment to buy the house in Cincinnati. The very same house that VanBebber had trashed to shoot *Roadkill.* The generosity of this man has never failed to amaze me. He had no idea what he was doing or what he was getting into.

"...it's bad enough to be hanging from a meat hook, but now my doink's hanging out for all to see."

As with most of VanBebber's films, there was a loose script, cartoon storyboards and lines scratched on cocktail napkins. He had been doing research on Charles Manson and soon announced, "There is just too much good stuff here, man." And so *Cult Killer* became *Charlie's Family.* Why waste our time doing some cheap o rip-off? Let's do it right! So here we were again, in the throes of yet another epic. *Deadbeat at Dawn* hadn't been paid for yet, *Roadkill* was still looming in the back of everyone's nightmares, but we were going to forge ahead and make *Charlie's Family.* Everything

"None of those tubes and syringes for spraying blood...Jim just fills his cheeks and spits it all over you."

would be fine. *Charlie's Family* would take care of everything. Hadn't I heard all this before?

I was cast in the role of Tex, a bumpkin and former high school football star who stumbled into the Family sometime in the late Sixties. According to VanBebber's research, Tex was a real creep who plugged himself into the mind games and power trips of Charlie's, and was ultimately responsible for the Tate-LaBianca murders. Sounded like a good character for me, but we still didn't have a completed script. You have to know something here; on a Jim VanBebber film, Jim is usually the *only* one who knows what is going on. If you're lucky, you'll get a phone call the day before the shoot, describing the action of the scene and whatever dialogue there is. When you acfually arrive on the set, however, things have always been changed and you just go. The VanBebber Process has a charm all its own, but you really have to be on your toes.

My first scene was with a young actress whom I'll call Liz. Liz was a friend of Moe's. The scene to be shot was a torrid sex scene between Liz and myself, after which Liz preaches the Gospel according to Charlie. We rehearsed the scene with our clothes on at first, in front of a video camera. I must have made a good impression because when we were finished, Liz whispered in my ear, "*Get the fuck off me* !" Pretty encouraging don't you think?

The next day, a crew consisting of Mike King, a sound man, Jim, Liz and myself trudged to a beanfield near the Asmodeus Productions office. Liz and I worked on our lines as the crew set up. I don't know about Liz, but I was beginning to feel a little self-conscious about stripping down to my birthday suit in front of God and everyone else. I had boasted that I had wanted to do a sex scene, and now it was time to pay the piano player I took off all my clothes and lay down. Liz follows suit and lays down next to me. She has a killer bod and I think to myself that I wouldn't mind doing the nasty with her for real I maintain my professionalism, however, and wait for the crew to set up. VanBebber wants us to do a full dress (or is that undress?) rehearsal. I climb on top of Liz and start gyrating. It's my impression that Tex loves this girl and wants to make tender, caring love to her. Wrong! Jim wants us to go at it like wild animals.

"You're fucking!" He says, "So *fuck*!" I give it the old college try; Jim must like it because he wants to try for a take. "But first," he announces with index finger pointing, 'as promised, I will direct naked." (Jim had promised Liz he would direct the scene naked, due to her first time nude scene jitters). He proceeds to strip. When did he promise to direct naked? I didn't remember him promising any such thing. Mike King was smirking as he pretended to check his focus. So, here we all are, two naked men and a naked woman; a camera, lights and sound equipment. Put two and two together and you get a lot of time in front of a judge explaining that you were *not* making a porno film. Worse, you get some irate farmer with a shotgun trying to protect the honor of the exploited young lady. To top things off, it began to rain, turning the solid dirt of the beanfield into mud.

The camera rolls and Jim calls for action Liz and I bump and grind and flip each other all over the place. I slam her to the ground and pump her loins furiously. Cut! Next angle! It's a head-on shot of the two of us while I cum. Jim wants me to grunt and growl, just like I'm having the Grandpappy of all Orgasms. As stupid as I feel, I don't argue. Jim seems fascinated with the countless number of expressions my face can make. We move to the next shot.

Liz and I have dialogue which I do not know. I keep blowing my lines. Time after time, Liz squirms on my wet, naked body and delivers Charlie's sermon. When it comes time to say my lines, I fuck them up. I say the right things, I just give the wrong inflections. Jim coaches me, telling me how he wants the lines delivered. After a few more takes, I get close enough to be able to move on.

It's been six or seven years since *Charlie's Family* started shooting, but we're not quite there yet. To put it simply, the money just ran out. There are loads of stories to tell--like the strippers that were hired for the orgy scene but couldn't tell the difference between making a movie and the *real* thing. Or the girl who drank so much fake blood that she threw up... But I digress.

"...as promised, I will direct this scene naked."
- Jim VanBebber

Time rolls on and I wonder if and when the film will ever be finished. I don't really care anymore. Whatever happens, be it good or bad, I'm sure Jim will find some way to complete his vision. I wish him luck. He is gonna *need* it.

The World Premiere of CHARLIE'S FAMILY will be held at the 1997 Canadian International Fant-Asia Film Festival in Montreal, Quebec.

VanBebber and King on the set of *Roadkill*

VIDEO SEARCH OF MIAMI

LARGEST VIDEO MAIL-ORDER COMPANY IN AMERICA*

VSoM is a video service company specializing in obscure exploitation particularly films from Asia, Europe, & Japan: Horror! Action! Sex! Comedy! Sleaze! 12,000 titles in stock! Largest selection in USA!

#1 in Selection
#1 in Shipping
#1 in Service
VSoM accepts all major credit cards. For personal telephone correspondense Call Mon-Fri Noon to 6pm(est)

*as recommended by FANGORIA, VIDEO WATCHDOG, PSYCHOTRONIC, SHOCK CINEMA, VIDEO OOZE, SHOCKING IMAGES, and WIRED! Plus VSoM is also acclaimed by VIDEO HOUND MOVIE GUIDE, the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG and COUNTER CULTURE HANDBOOK! and VSoM is the only underground mail-order company endorsed by LEONARD MALTIN in his MOVIE & VIDEO GUIDE BOOK!

VIDEO SEARCH OF MIAMI

PO BOX 16-1917~MIAMI,FL~(305)279-9773 Fax (305)598-5265
TOLL FREE NUMBER 1(888)-279-9773

VISIT VSOM WEB SITE AT HTTP://WWW.VSOM.COM

WRITE, CALL, OR E-MAIL (VSoM@aol.com) US FOR FREE 60+PAGE CATALOG!

Mit 13 wird sie von 7 dämonischen Brüdern vergewaltigt, um - DEM BÖSEN -
zu schenken.
DAS ZEICHEN
Als Ihr Körper erwacht, beginnt der Alptraum...

THE JOHNSONS

NAKED! BALD! MUTE! and Mad as Hell!

REVIEW by
Chas Balun

O.K. You've read these blurbs before on sensationally-titled video boxes, so your skepticism is warranted. After all, how many films have *you* rented really made "...*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* look like a high school picnic!" You've probably even accepted the challenge of box art that bellowed"...if this doesn't make you squirm, (a) your skin's on too tight or (b) you're already dead!" Probably the most egregious example of video hyperbole occurs when some piece of excretory flotsam you've never even heard of boldly and unashamedly declares itself "...a genuine cult classic!" So please, if you will, suspend your sense of disbelief for the few seconds it takes to read the inscription on the video box for the 1992 Dutch production, *The Johnsons*. "Original, intelligent and shocking horror... (oh, boy, here it comes, with *capital* letters yet) Destined to be a True Cult Classic of the Genre." *Ouch* I then thoroughly expected the earth to wobble several degrees off its axis after viewing the film and wholeheartedly agreeing with that proffered commentary.

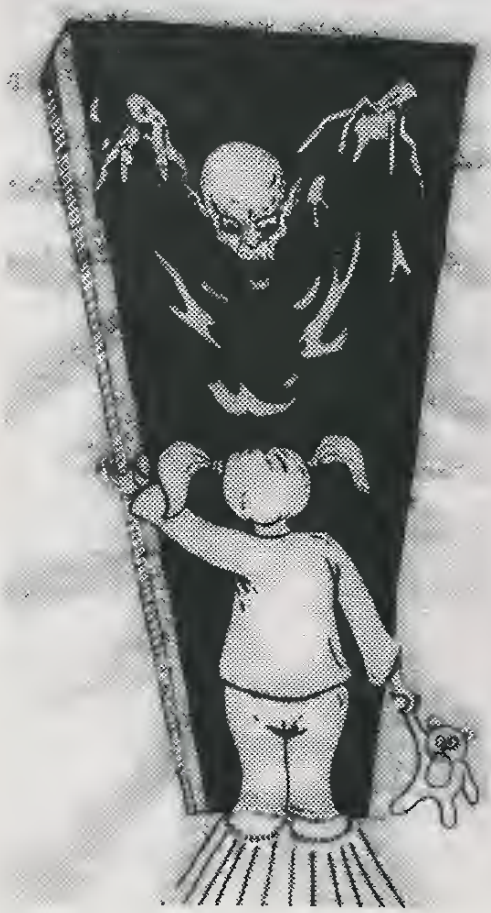
Originally titled *Xangadix*, this film's only major flaw appears to be the terminally lame new title it's been saddled with, effectively cloaking its dripping red, hard-fought genre credentials. *The Johnsons* is a rich, robust, ambitious shocker, with a helluva lot on its twisted, maniacal mind. Impressively directed with a sure hand by Rudolf van den Berg from an original script by U.S. writer Rocco Simonelli (based on an uncredited Roy [*Street Trash*] Frumkes' story), the film consistently confounds expectations.

Xangadix is a mythical, malevolent South American embryonic diety, embedded in amber and carrying an ancient curse. If the pint-size hellspawn can break its bonds "...evil will rule the world." Very few are even aware of the diety's existence, but one of them, a brilliant surgeon named Dr. Johnson, has just created the first test tube babies. Unfortunately, since the cell cultures used in the experiments came from unwilling (to say the *least*) donors, the progeny are psychotic septuplets, mute, bald and congenitally pissed-off. They've been confined to a fortress-like asylum since childhood, when they were very, very naughty, slaughtering sixteen of their mates in a children's shelter bloodbath. Now, they're older, certainly no wiser, and still mute, bald and pissed-to-the-max. They rip apart one of their doctors in a shower room shredding that paints the walls in dripping crimson hues, and escape into the surrounding countryside. They eventually confront and lay siege on a wildlife photographer and her daughter who are on the trail of an endangered flock of herons. The young daughter has been recently plagued by a series of nightmares involving arcane symbols scrawled in blood, primitive tribal warriors, evil embryos and speechless, naked psychos. The relationship between the mother, daughter and the Wild Bunch soon becomes evident.

The Johnsons is a real find: chock full of compelling, surreal imagery, an intriguing original script, crack cinematography and major sauce spillage. The probing, snakey Argentoesque camera work bathes numerous scenes in lush, deep reds and electric blues, highlighting the gushing fountains of gore in a brand new light. The film is also laced with an irresistible, rascally streak of black humor and deftly thumbs its nose at genre convention and cliches. One character even describes the rambunctious mayhem and spectacular, gore-drenched demises (including a messy lobotomy by electric carving knife) as "...like a scary film...only it's real."

Fuck Craven's *Scream*, this is the *real* deal.

The tape is currently unavailable in the U.S although the Canadian release features an English language, widescreen print in hi-fi stereo.



DON'T BE LEFT IN THE DARK! GET THE NEW

UNEARTHLY POSSESSIONS

CATALOG '97

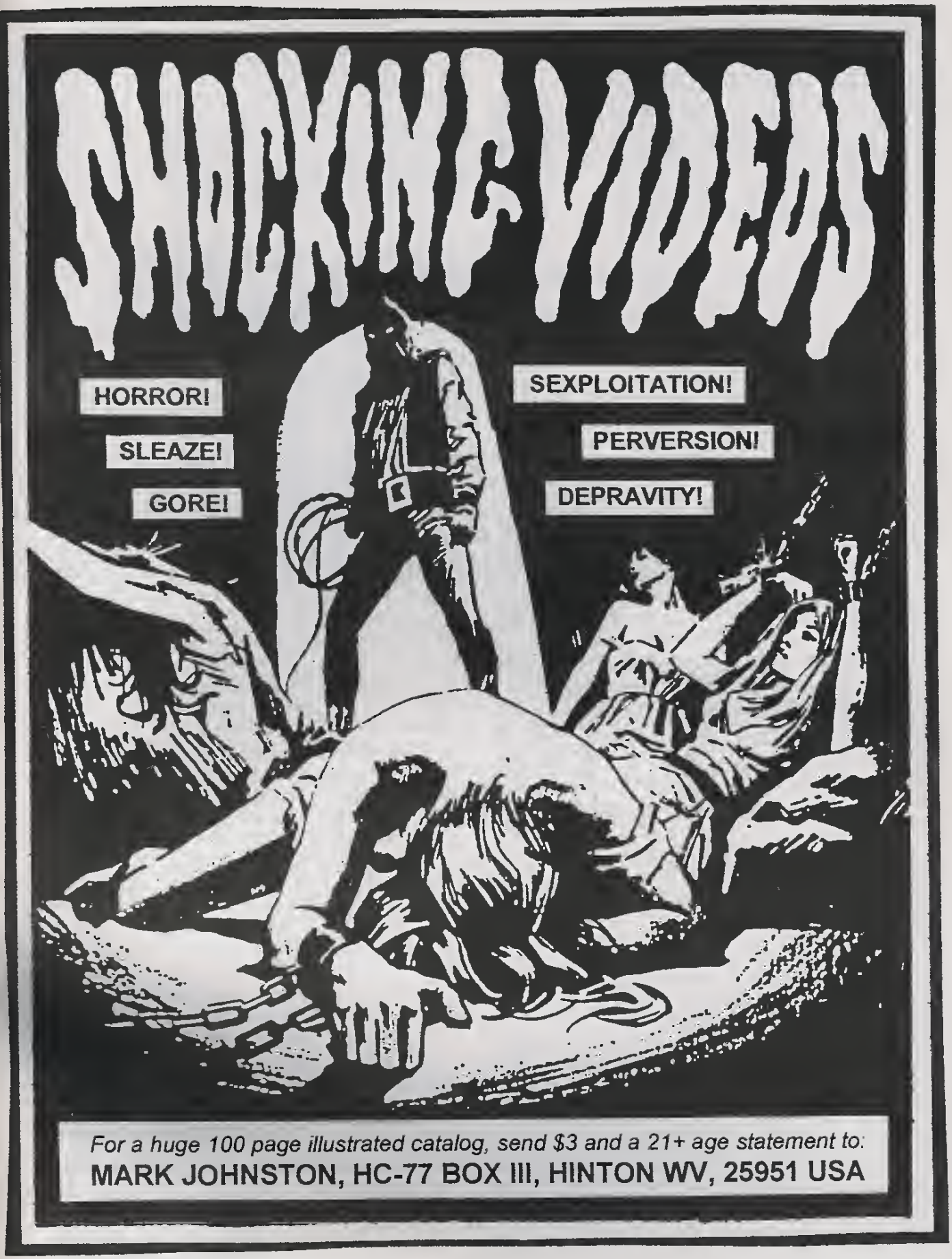
THE HORROR CATALOG FOR ALL YOUR WANTS AND NEEDS! NOW BIGGER AND BETTER!

FEATURING

BOOKS MODELS MAGAZINES POSTERS VIDEOS COMICS TRADING CARDS T SHIRTS TOYS AND MUCH MORE!

SEND $3.00 FOR A CATALOG AND TO JOIN OUR MAILING LIST TO:

UNEARTHLY POSSESSIONS
P.O. BOX 5558
TRENTON, NJ 08638


SHOCKING VIDEOS
HORROR!
SLEAZE!
GORE!
SEXPLOITATION!
PERVERSION!
DEPRAVITY!
For a huge 100 page illustrated catalog, send $3 and a 21+ age statement to:
MARK JOHNSTON, HC-77 BOX III, HINTON WV, 25951 USA

RED ALERT!

FANT-ASIA '97

LE FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL DU CINÉMA FANTASTIQUE

SHADOWED IMAGES, a film production company based in Spring Hill, Florida, is gearing up to lens its first gore-drenched feature this October, entitled *I Am Vengeance*. Based on a script by director Richard Anasky, *I Am Vengeance* is a depraved tale of one man and his vicious retaliation against a seriously twisted cult that he formerly belonged to. The script promises tons of crimson carnage, inspired by the Category 3 Hong Kong action flicks that are Anasky's passion. *I Am Vengeance* will feature ample scalpings, beheadings, cult sacrifices, eviscerations, disembowelments, and plenty of other autopsy-styled gore. The intense martial arts scenes are being choreographed by producer Tony Harvey.

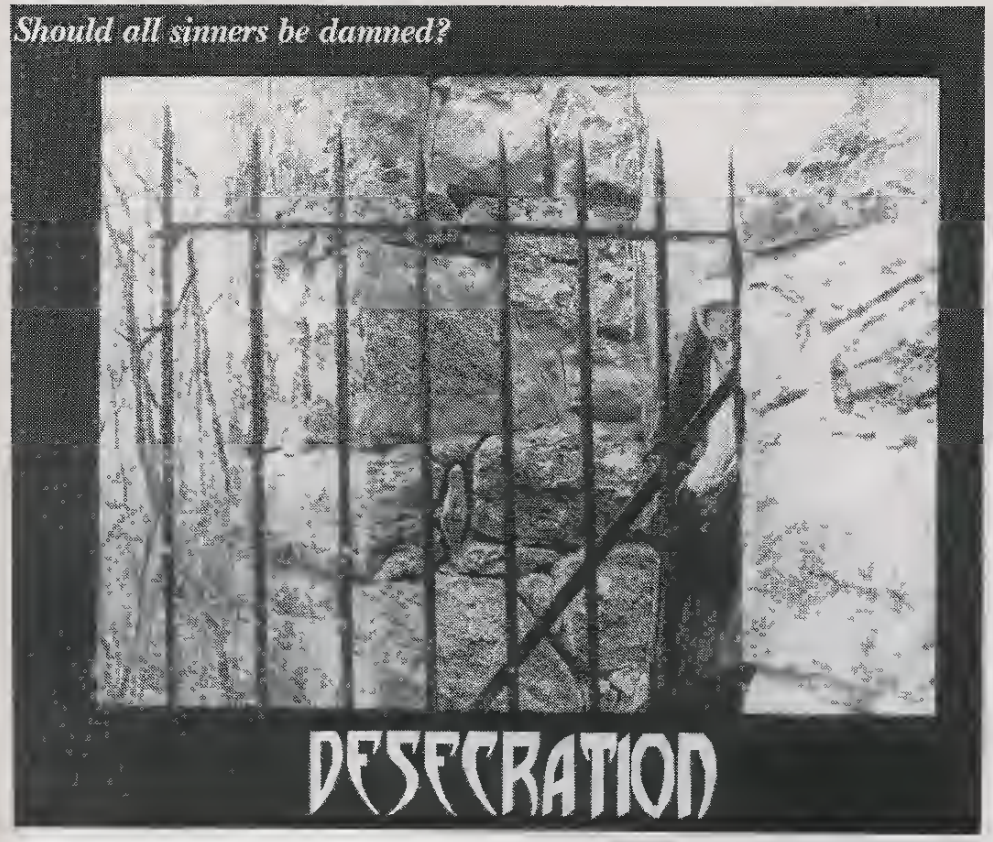
Anasky and Harvey are currently in pre-production on *I Am Vengeance* and are in negotiations with several independent filmmakers to participate in the project in various capacities, including Ron (*The Vicious Sweef*) Bonk, Kevin (*Addicted to Murder*) Lindenmuth, and Tim (*Killing Spree*) Ritter. Ritter calls the *I Am Vengeance* screenplay "...the goriest thing I've read since I had the pleasure of reading Chas. Balun's *Chunkblower* script..." Who-aahh!

The filmmakers would like to hear from anyone who has ever dreamed of being part of the production of a horror film. All interested parties, including actors, musicians, production assistants and crew members are invited to respond. Contact SHADOWED IMAGES c/o Video Dungeon P.O. Box 873, Tarpon Springs, FL 34688

If you're a serious, card-carrying splatter aficionado, Christmas is coming a few months early this year. The second edition of Montreal's Fant-Asia '97, The International Festival of Fantastic Cinema, promises to be every gorehound's big screen wet dream. Last year's festivities featured over 100 films attended by nearly 60,000 howling, foot-stomping Canadian *connoisseurs du carnage*, blowing the roof off the prestigious Imperial Cinema every night for a full month. Originally designed as a showcase for the fantasy cinema of Hong Kong and Japan, this year's fest will also introduce a special International section devoted to the horror films of Italy, Spain, England and the United States. Programmed by long time *Deep Red* wranglers Mitch Davis and Karim Hussain, the lineup is a jaw-dropping, kickass tribute to all things red, wet and wild. A brand spanking new print of Lucio Fulci's classic *The Beyond* will be screened in all its uncut glory; Richard Stanley will present his full-length director's cut of *Dust Devil*; Mariano Baino will splash the screen with *Dark Waters* and Jim VanBebber will host the World Premiere of his long-awaited *Charlie's Family*. Oh, and that's just for starters, pards'. How about a midnight double-bill of the director's cut of *Cannibal Ferox* followed by Nacho Cerda's already-notorious *Aftermath*? Italian horror gets the nod with big screen presentations of Argento's *The Stendhal Syndrome* and *Deep Red*; Michele Soavi's *Stagefright*; Andrea Bianchi's *Burial Ground* and Fulci's *Zombie*. Sergio Stivaletti's *The Wax Mask* will get its North American premiere as will Alex De La Iglesia's *Day of the Beast*. Also scheduled during a delirious week of wetness will be Jess Franco's new *Tender Flesh*, *Killer Tongue*, *Fatal Frames*, *Love God* and the hyperviolent *A Gun for Jennifer*.

Hong Kong will be painting the town red with such Category 3 mindfucks as *Red to Kill*, *Satan's Return* and *Assassin*. Other notable Asian entries include Jackie Chan's *Operation Condor*, *Bodyguard from Beijing*, *Bride with White Hair*, *Executioners*, *Black Mask*, *Baby Cart: Sword of Vengeance*, and *God of Gamblers 3*. Over 75 films will be screened during the month and Pierre Corbeil, the director of the festival, promises "...a great selection of films that are sure to provoke a wide variety of intense emotions." No shit, eh?

Fant-Asia '97 runs from July 11 through August 10 at the Cinema Imperial in Montreal, Quebec.



" I'm trying to construct a nightmare in which we experience the protagonist's damnation. "

DANTE'S INFERNO

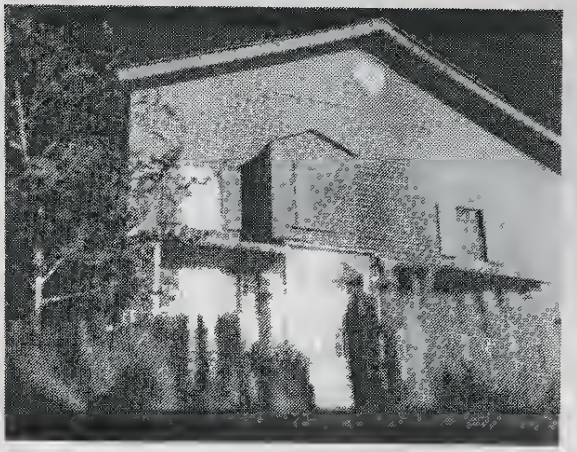
by Chas Balun

Young New York filmmaker Dante Tomaselli, whose haunting, atmospheric, surreal short film, *Desecration*, is making the festival rounds, remembers the critically-acclaimed film *Alice Sweet Alice* (1978) as a real family affair. "My cousin, Alfred Sole, directed it." says Tomaselli. "My father, who at the time owned a Bridal Mall, provided the communion dresses; my aunt was an extra, and it premiered in Paterson, New Jersey, my birthplace!" The circle will remain unbroken as Tomaselli gears up for the $200,000 35mm feature-length version of *Desecration* by welcoming cousin Alfred Sole on board as the Production Designer. Tomaselli is beaming and adds,"After screening my short version of *Desecration*, Alfred believes that I would be the natural choice to direct *Alice Sweet Alice 2* from his original script. So, we'll see." Special makeup chores on the feature version of *Desecration* will be handled by Arnold Gargiulo, Jr.

The 23-minute version of *Desecration* was shot on 16mm film and Digital Video and has been screened at the Berlin Interfilm Festival, The Chicago Underground Film Fest and the San Francisco Troubadors Film Fest. Lensed on a budget of $14,000 shortly after Tomaselli's graduation from the New York School of Visual Arts, *Desecration* is described by the enthusiastic director as "...a film that speaks to you in dream language. I'm working with symbols of the subconscious here. Doors. Gates. Holes. Stairs. Windows. I'm trying to construct a nightmare in which we experience the protagonist's damnation."

Desecration, although fitfully uneven at times due to some awkward acting and lame, stilted dialogue, nonetheless drips with morbid, Argento-like enigmatic visuals; grotesque, almost fetishistic religious iconography (a compulsion he obviously shares with cousin Alfred) and displays a decidedly twisted take on family values. It is also steeped in a healthy Fear of Nuns, so we must surmise Tomaselli is probably a Catholic school survivor gone quickly to the devil. *Desecration* grandly overreaches itself at times, but when everyone else is aiming for audiences with room temperature I.Q.s, a fierce, go-for-broke attitude is a most welcome change.

Tomaselli graciously credits *Deep Red* magazine as an early inspiration in his independent filmmaking career, and if *Desecration* is any indication, we'll see him again along The Great Red Way.



KIT NATIVADAD
in
BANGERS

"SCREAM
ALICE
SCREAM !
IT WILL OO YOU NO GOOD!'

AN
EROTIC
THRILLER

Plutonium Film, In
8055 Lankershim #2 DR
North Hollywood, Ca. 91605

SALE PRICE $24.95 Postpaid

RATED-R

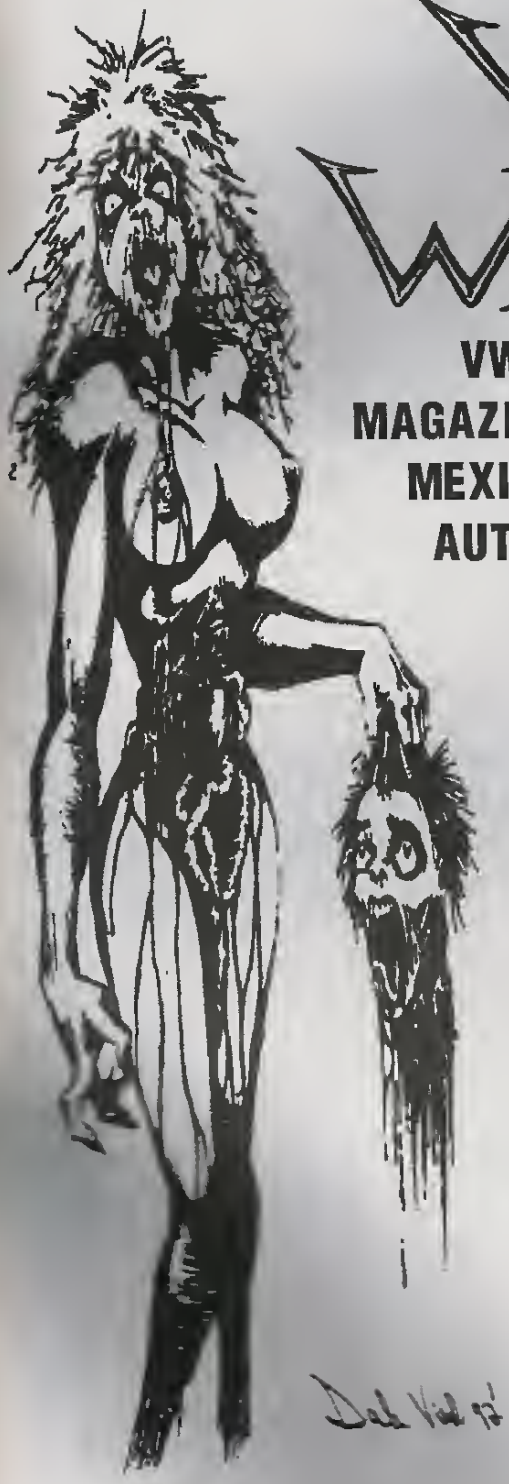
STARLIGHT VIDEO
"The Alternative Video Source"

UNCUT/UNCENSORED Sleaze, Horror, Cult & Exploitation imports, rarities & bizarre films on VHS. Psychedelic adult horror, experimental S & M, B & D, fetish & fantasy theme films. We carry 100's of infamous & obscure imports from around the world. For our catalog with in-depth film reviews and info send $3 to:
Starlight Video 8518 S.W. Tamiami Trail STE# 1335
Miami, Florida 33144

Check out some of our most infamous titles:
ULTIMATE FETISH RARE PORN SAMPLER
CAPTURED FOR SEX 2
CELEBRITY PORN COLLECTION
CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST
SEX. BIZARRE AND EXTREME

Only $20 each or all 5 for $80 postage paid Send cash, check or M\O & age statement We ship immediately

HORROR EXPLOITATION AND B MOVIE SCHLOCK



VIDEO WASTELAND

VW offers a COMPLETE LINE of BOOKS, MAGAZINES, POSTERS & PAPER, SOUNDTRACKS, MEXICAN WRESTLING STUFF, SALE VIDEOS, AUTOGRAPHS, T-SHIRTS and MUCH MORE

We also offer over 2,400 RARE, OUT OF PRINT and HARD TO FIND Horror, Exploitation and Schlock films that are available to inexpensively RENT BY MAIL to anywhere in the U.S.A.

ALL AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE

OUR ALL NEW, REVISED AND UPDATED RENTAL REVIEW AND REFERENCE GUIDE TO OVER 2,400 FILMS WILL BE AVAILABLE SOON. PLEASE CALL ABOUT AVAILABILITY AND PRICE. [Visa and Mastercard Accepted]

OUR ILLUSTRATED MERCHANDISE CATALOG ONLY IS AVAILABLE FOR $2.00 [$3.00 Foreign]

RENTAL INFORMATION ONLY IS FREE FOR THE ASKING.

Rentals by mail available in USA only Merchandise available anywhere in the world

VIDEO WASTELAND
214 FAIR STREET
BEREA, OH. 44017

Or give us a call Monday through Friday from 1pm to 9pm Eastern Standard Time at (216) 891-1920

VISIT OUR WEB SIGHT http://slaughter.net/wasteland

SOUNDS OF FEAR

by CHANEY and MIKE BARONAS

- *Giallo Allegro Suspiria & Deep Red* (Freiburg Records)
- *Zombie & Patrick* (Telemani Records)
- *Roller & Il Fantastico Viaggio Del "Bagarozzo" Mark* (Telemani Records)

Three bootleg CDs from Italian virtuosos/Dario Argento supergroup Goblin here. (The very fact that you're reading this magazine should constitute your knowing who Goblin is. If not, you are hereby banished to spaghetti cinema jail - do not pass "Va," do not collect 337,900 lira.) My stance on bootlegging is one that if you can deliver the goods to a craving audience with considerable quality and a fair price, so be it. While Goblin recordings aren't necessarily impossible to find, their complete film scores are normally imports that carry a weighty price tag.

The first "two for the price of one" disc, *Giallo Allegro*, is the best of the lot. This 74 minute earful covers the Goblin (and Argento, for that matter) masterpiece *Suspiria* as well as *Deep Red*. The high quality transfer (probably CD to CD) makes the tension-filled *Suspira* even more chilling at high decibels - cries of "Witch" burn ears! The questionable inclusion of the tracks "Dr. Frankenstein" and "Aquaman" from the band's 1976 Roller release is actually a cool bonus. Heavy on synthesizers and unique percussion, *Suspira* is, without a doubt, Goblin's crowning achievement. It's followed but their 1975 debut release *Deep Red* which tends to be a more straightforward "movie" score, but keeps the suspense level peaked even after numerous listens.

Next up is the *Zombi* (lets call it *Dawn of the Dead* for Fulci's sake) and *Patrick* combo. It's easy to hear why Romero balked at a large majority of the choppy *Dawn* compositions for his domestic print. While they make for okay listening on their own, aside from the film's main theme "L'Alba Dei Morti Viventi" (mistitled on this disc as "Zombi") which solely seems to fit, there really is no rhyme or reason to the diversity of one tune to the next. Surely ol' George had a difficult time visualizing how "Safari" or "Tirassegno" might tie into a movie about a shopping mall zombie invasion. An obvious drop in quality (vinyl to CD transfer) doesn't help matters and seems to hurt *Patrick* even more. This uptempo soundtrack to the Italian release of Richard Franklin's 1977 film hisses and pops its way through 10 tracks. Disappointing, since it's a far more competent score than *Dawn*.

I wasn't initially sure what to make of the third (vinyl to) disc, *Roller and Il Fantastico..*, as some of the tracks on *Roller* appear on other soundtracks ("Roller" in the Italian release of Romero's *Martin* (a.k.a. *Wampyr*), "Snip Snap" in *Patrick*). Upon further investigation, this compilation actually pre-dates these films. The 6 selections are a decent hodgepodge that highlight Goblin's early versatility. I still don't know what to make of *Il Fantastico* which showcases the vocal talents (?) of guitarist Massimo Morante and a jazzy/new age vibe. Surely a failed attempt to become something more than Argento's aural assailants. Thankfully, Goblin was just too damn evil to go on writing mainstream pop slop!

(MB)

- *House By The Cemetery & Manhattan Baby* (Graveside Entertainment/Blackest Heart Media/BEAT Records)

A Fulcifanan must have here! A ton of work was put into this wonderfully crafted package, from the licensing of BEAT Records' original master tapes, to obtaining exclusive recorded interviews with Fulci *femme fatale* Catriona MacColl, to the design of the booklet front cover incorporating *House* and *Baby* icons, it's an obvious labor of love and a fitting send-off to Italy's most underrated director. Beginning with a brief introduction by MacColl edited from an '80's interview session, the complete 16 track *House* worms it's simple, droning piano and quivering synthesizer up and down the spine - this is gooseflesh music!

Composers Walter (Romano) Rizzati and Alessandro Blonksteiner have given the claustrophobic classic a more rustic feel than earlier Fulci outings. I guarantee you'll feel like you've been transported down to Freudstein's basement by the disc's fifth track "Blonk Suspense". I was honestly expecting to hear Giovanni ('Bob') Frezza sniveling at me any moment!

Sandwiched between *House* and *Baby* comes my only criticism, that of Sage (Sly's son) Stallone's commentary. While it's somewhat relevant (there is a humorous story of his screening *House* with the always animated maestro shortly before his death), it's really something that could've waited for inclusion on the *Symphony of Fear* 3 CD tribute (see synopsis elsewhere this issue, or buy this disc and check out bonus preview track #25).

Manhattan Baby marks one of those rare occasions when a film's musical score outshines the actual celluloid. Fabio Frizzi, in typical form, creates a perfect mood piece. While the cues here are not as stark as those of *The Beyond*, *Zombie* or his atmospheric masterwork, *The Gates of Hell*, Frizzi's unconvoluted approach makes easy listening out of the 4 different "Baby Sequenza" selections.

The aforementioned MacColl interviews follow - two insightful and amusing conversations (one from the '80s, one from the '90s) that sum up Catriona's working relationships with Lucio, David Warbeck and the late, great Christopher George. This CD is so hip, it even includes audio from the *House* movie trailer.

Like I said at the onset, this is a must have!

(MB)

THE SCREEN RUNS RED!!!

FULCI
Symphony of Fear
RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW,
WRITE OR CALL
BLACKEST HEART MEDIA
P.O. BOX 3376
ANTIOCH, CA 94531-3376
PH/FAX
(510) 753-0169
LUCIO FULCI'S 'SYMPHONY OF FEAR'
IS MUSIC FROM, OR INSPIRED BY THE
MAESTRO'S FILMS. FEATURING MUSIC BY:
'ANOTHER DEAD JUNKIE' W/ JOHN MARSHALL,
FORMERLY OF 'METAL CHURCH'
JAMES MURPHY, FORMERLY OF 'TESTAMENT'
DAVE NEABORE FROM 'DOG EAT DOG'
GWAR
'RED RAIN' FEATURING CHAS BALUN
MIKE SCACCIA FORMERLY OF MINISTRY
S.P. SOMTOW
'OFF/ ON' FEATURING ALEX WANK
ALLICARDA
WITH COMMENTARY TRACKS BY:
CATRIONA MACCOLL
DAVID WARBECK
IAN MACCOLLOUGH
DARDANO SACCHETTI
BILL LUSTIG
TOM RAINONE
3 CD SET
due
January 1,
'98

- Lucio Fulci's Horror &Thriller
Compilation (BEAT CDCR 21)

An absolute must, this disk contains many varieties of music from seven of Maestro Fulci's films. Of course you get the essential snippets from *The Beyond* and *Manhattan Baby* by Fabio Frizzi and just enough of Walter Rizzati's *House by the Cemetery* to be enticed, but there is so much more. Great ambient synthesizer excerpts from *Demonia* (music to nail up nuns by..) by Giovanni Cristiani, snippets of Francesco De Masi's *New York Ripper* and jazzy set pieces from the obscure *Door To Silence* by Franco Piana. In addition, BEAT licensed a couple of extra tracks from *Lizard in a Woman's Skin* by Ennio Morricone, to make this a very well rounded and comprehensive disk. The twelve page liner booklet designed by Claudio Fuiano, is a great touch, combining the odd plot synopsis with great full color reproductions of stills, promotional art and original Italian release posters for some of the films. The disk itself clocks in at an amazing 79 minutes and 21 seconds so you know you're getting your money's worth. One of my personal favorites. An absolutely essential piece.
(C)

- Zombie 3
Stefano Mainetti (BEAT CDCR 33)

Okay, so I like reviewing BEAT disks. I'll make this the last one for this issue. This is BEAT's 2nd greatest package, only topped by *Lucio Fulci's Horror & Thriller*. I say this because of the colorful cover, the great interior artwork and an absolutely hilarious story by Antonella Fulci that appears within the liner notes. Now as for the music, this is my supreme guilty pleasure disk. I will admit that not only do I enjoy the great incidental score (which is comprised of every other track) but I have a great time with the deliriously goofy songs as well. Particularly, "The Sound of Fear"- that wacky Zac Mainetti song from the film's end titles. I'm sure everyone has some pet song that they really know sucks, and can't help but enjoy it. It's this very principle that made the disco era happen. Anyhow, suffice to say that if you can't sit through the songs you can be comforted in knowing that the incidental score is atmospheric and has a very good Simonetti like quality. Anyway, where else could you read a snippet regarding Lucio, a Philippine witch doctor and a live chicken? Trust me- it's worth having.
(C)

THEY EAT THE LIVING!

- Return Of The Living Dead 3
Barry Goldberg and John Philip Shenale
(Southeast Records SER 289B02)

This is a disk to have for the sheer joy of being a collector. While the music is not particularly outstanding, it isn't entirely lacking either, and there are many interesting moments. What is so particularly great about this import is that the staff of Southeast have gone out of their way to do something highly irregular in the industry. To provide virtually *every* incidental music cue from the film, which clocks this disk in at just under 72 minutes. In addition to this, the disk comes in a great tri-fold soft cover package, which makes it a pain in the ass if you want to shelf it in a standard CD storage rack. However- the design and layout make it such a great display item that a true collector shouldn't mind this. While there are listening moments of tedium, there are cuts to be enjoyed, (particularly the first and final three tracks) and the sleeve is just so inciting you'll want it for the stills alone.
(C)

A SAMPLING OF TITLES OFFERED:

Black Candles (81)
Barbed Wire Dolls (75) Franco
Cicciolina - Demon Witch Child (21+)
Cruel Jaws - Bruno Matteo new killer shark flick ! (In German)
Dracula (90's) new sleazy variation (In Italian) (21+)
Dr. Jekyll Likes 'Em Hot - Edwige Fenech - In English !
Delirio Caldo (72) Renato Polselli directs ! (In French) (21+)
Great White (The Last Shark) (82)
Gamera 2 - Attack of the Legion (96) (subs)
Horrible High Heels (96) A Chinese " Texas Chainsaw Massacre " subs
Horror Story - Czech spoof on the old horror cinema (In English)
I Like Bats - Polish vampire film (In English)
Lucker - the Necrophagus (86)
Last House on Dead End Street (77)
The Monk (72)
Mars Men - Giant Taiwanese rubber monsters ! (In Italian)
Night of the Doomed (65) aka Nightmare Castle - this print runs almost 20 minutes longer ! Barbara Steele
The Prey (80) longer, sexier, gorier print !
Plankton (93) loaded with monster fx (In Italian)
Porno Holocaust (21+)
Patrick Viva Ancora
Rasputin (71) (21+)
Top Sensation (70's) giallo with Edwige Fenech (In Italian)
Until Death (90's) Lamberto Bava directs (In English)

VIDEO SCREAMS !

1,000's of obscure, rare, unreleased, and recent sleazo, schlock, horror, gore, classic horror, sci-fi, Euro-classic, cult, W.I.P., biker, mondo films AND MUCH MORE from around the globe !
All titles Hi-Fi SP on brand name VHS includes Cool Vinyl Collector's Cases ! All titles available in PAL format at NO EXTRA CHARGE ! Video Screams offers the absolute LOWEST PRICE, FASTEST SERVICE, HIGH QUALITY GUARANTEE ! 3 FAST convenient ways to order !
24-hour Fax (937) 593-7022 - 24-hour Phone (937) 593-7667 ext 140 or Mail in your order ! We gladly accept Visa, Mastercard, Personal Checks, MoneyOrders, & Cash

For our boxed and illustrated 1997 Catalogue: send $3.00 to:
DCS Video Screams! P.O. Box 443 Dept. DR
Bellefontaine, Ohio 43311 - OR : order from this ad and receive our 1997 catalogue FREE !

SEEIN' RED FOR 13 TWISTED YEARS

by Franklin E. Wales

"The talent is out there; it just needs a little prodding to come forward. We can no longer afford to wait for the next Hooper, Dante, Cronenberg, Raimi, Craven, Carpenter or Gordon to come along and save the day. We're going to have to do it ourselves.

So get started, kids. Write it. Draw it. Film it. And believe it. Gustave Flaubert said, "Nothing great is ever done wothout fanaticism. Fantacism is religion. It is faith, burning faith, the faith that works miracles." We've got the former in spades, my friends, but where is our faith? Must it always lie with others?

Let's show some fucking guts and paint this town RED .Deep, deep red."

When Tim Ritter first approached me about this article for the rebirth of *Deep Red*, the first thing that came to mind was the REDitorial (excerpted above) from issue 6 that has hung above my desk for years. See, Ritter has done just that with his little company, Twisted Illusions.

From the early days of his first feature, *Day of the Reaper* (1984), with its tale of a hooded psychopath who killed, then cannibalized teenage girls, to the full-blown assault of his latest effort, *Screaming for Sanity: Truth or Dare 3* (1997), Ritter has been bathing the home video screen with an onslaught of blood and gore. Proof that faith, plus a commitment to produce the best work possible with resources available, one can indeed carve out a career in the world of independent movies. Is this a *great* country or what?

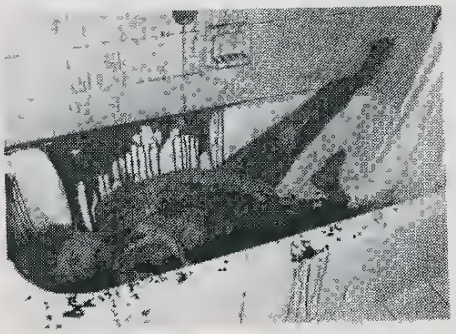
Day of the Reaper (no longer available) was quickly followed by Ritter's anthology, *Twisted Illusions* (1985), which featured seven twisted tales of everyday life taken to the extreme. In the final segment, a young man takes the children's game Truth or Dare to its limits after learning his wife wants a divorce. It's hard to forget Mike Strauber, driven to self-mutilation, sitting alone in a field ripping out his own tongue.

That segment was enough to impress Chicago's Peerless Films into financing the $250,000+ feature *Truth or Dare: A Critical Madness* (no longer available) in 1987. The film featured top-notch special effects, explosions and an onslaught of death including a chainsaw beheading of a little leaguer. Unfortunately, Peerless turned out to be rather unscrupulous and removed Ritter's name as director, leaving him with only the story credits

Down, but not defeated, Ritter immediately began production on his next feature, *Killing Spree* (1990), which remains to this day one of the best over-the-top gorefests in the indie world. The film featured Asbestos Felt as newlywed Tom Russo, a hardworking man with what seems to be a very unfaithful wife. After finding his wife's "diary", Russo begins to murder every man his wife claims to have slept with, including his best friend. Ritter pulled no punches in the "creative kill" scenes by utilizing such ordinary devices as a screwdriver, a lawn mower and a ceiling fan with the blades replaced by machetes. The scene in which Russo takes a hammer to the busybody old lady has left many a viewer squirming in their seats.

The film's climax reveals that none of Russo's victims had come even remotely close to bedding his wife. The revenge-driven corpses return (and boy are they *pissed*) in a zombie home invasion reminiscent of *Night of the Living Dead*. Donald Farmer called the film "The year's most depraved gore spectacle," and rightly so. In fact, the demand for *Killing Spree* has been so great that it was re-released by Salt City Home Video in its original format.

Still feeling the sting of having his director's credits pulled, Ritter followed up next with the sequel, *Wicked Games: Truth or Dare 2* (1993). This time the original killer is safely locked away in the asylum while copycat



Trouble in the tub: *Wicked Games*

murders plague the little town of Sunnyville, Florida. Three possible killers are present, giving the film a nice whodunit flavor. The kills include a barbed wire strangulation, a beer can disembowelment and the infamous lawn sprinkler impalement (when the sprinkler comes on, *watch out!*)

Ritter's next production, *Creep* (1995) featured Kathy Willets (billed as "America's Favorite Nymphomaniac") as the sister to serial killer Angus Lynch (Joel D. Wynkoop). As the brutish Lynch, Wynkoop rages uncontrollably, racking up a body count in such manners as throat slashings, twisted necks, ice-pick stabbings and a blow-torch cremation. As an added bonus, Ritter secured original Tom Savini props from the classic *Deranged* (1974), through the film's producer, Tom Karr.

Last year Ritter agreed to add a sequence to Kevin Lindenmuth's science fiction miniseries, *The Alien Agenda*. Though new to sci-fi, Ritter attacked his piece with his usual bloodlust, working in several stabbings in which worms squirm from the open wounds as well as a tribe of pre-teen cannibals shown munching on their still-living father's entrails! The segment, which appears on the *Endangered Species* chapter, is definitely the highlight for gore enthusiasts.

Savini head used in *Deranged* and *Creep*

Now in its thirteenth year, Twisted Illusions is preparing to release Ritter's seventh feature, *Screaming for Sanity. Truth or Dare 3*. This installment promises more of the gore Ritter fans have come to expect, including a sleazy lawyer hacked in half, teeth hammered out with a screwdriver (shown in all its glory, unlike *The Last House on the Left* tease), self-mutilation, dismemberment, disembowelment and an eyeball removed with a corkscrew!

Super-8 cannibalistic carnage from Ritter's first feature, *Day of the Ripper* (1984)

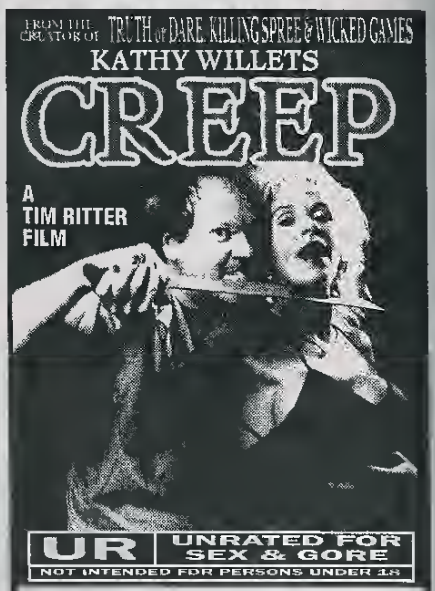
Ritter has also released a documentary for the slash film wannabe titled *Blinded by the Blood*. Filled with outtakes, how-to gore, and filming tips, it's an invaluable tool for anyone considering a career in the indie world.

In the time of Hollywood's homogenized horror and gutless gore, it's nice to know that some still dare to take up the challenge. Tim Ritter and Twisted Illusions keep cranking out the Splatter That Matters.

For more info on these videos contact Twisted Illusions, P.O. Box 4476, Tequesta, FL 33469.

★ Order Now on VHS! The exciting All New sequel to TRUTH OR DARE!
★ Only $24.00 (includes postage)
★ Original box art by CHAS. BALUN A real collectar's item!
★ Sign that you are over 18 and mail check or money order payable to:

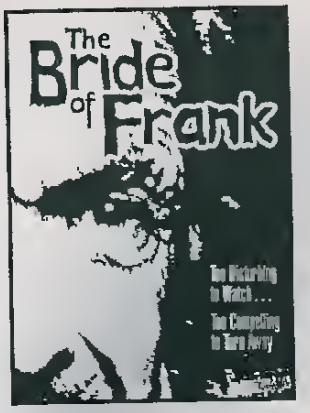
TWISTED ILLUSIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 4476
TEQUESTA, FL 33469-9998
(allow 2-4 weeks for delivery)


FROM THE CREATOR OF TRUTH or DARE, KILLING SPREE & WICKED GAMES
KATHY WILLETS
CREEP
A TIM RITTER FILM
UR
UNRATED FOR SEX & GORE
NOT INTENDED FOR PERSONS UNDER 18

★ Starring KATHY WILLETS "America's Favorite Nymphamaniac" as seen on TV's "A CURRENT AFFAIR" & TOM (Deranged) KARR
★ Order now on VHS
★ Only $24.00 (includes postage)
★ Sign that you are over 18 and mail check or money order payable to:

TWISTED ILLUSIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 4476
TEQUESTA, FL 33469-9998
(allow 2-4 weeks for delivery)

THEY WERE EATEN ALIVE BY CANNIBALS!!!



RED REVIEWS

BRIDE OF FRANK (1996)

From the opening scene, in which a five-year old girl is abducted by a degenerate who then crushes her skull, you know that this *ain't* your average indie schlock.

Frank is a homeless man who spent twenty years on the street after finding his wife in bed with their priest. Ten years ago, Frank found work and a home in a New York City trucking warehouse. Frank is basically a nice guy; he doesn't wash much, his finger and toenails are long and crusted black, he never wears his teeth, and he farts alot, but he seems honest enough. After the guys at work take Frank to a strip club for his birthday he longs for more out of life--love, family, and most of all, large breasts. So he places an ad in the singles column A cavalcade of misfits, losers, sexual psychopaths and other assorted freaks appear, but only one will be the Bride of Frank Those that don't measure up will die--and in some pretty sick ways to boot

Imagine the twisted vision of John Waters' *Pink Flamingos* mixed with a hearty amount of H.G. Lewis-styled gore and a heavy dose of Russ Meyers' breast mania. It's sick (a head ripped off and it's throat shit down), disgusting (a transvestite who gives a blow job receives kung-fu fingers driven through his neck), obscene (a three-hundred pound fat girl who strips to panties and dances), perverse (an eyeball ripped from its socket precedes a skull-fucking) and funny as all hell (all of the above and a whole lot more). It's classic midnight movie fare at its best, and it's the best goddamned thing I've seen in years.

For info call 1-800-54-FRANK.

(FW)

STRANGLER vs. STRANGLER(1987)
d. M. Wnjah

From Yugoslavia (as we knew it in the '80s) to late-night cable for two or three largely ignored screenings came this truly surprising offering. Cannon Films was interested enough to pick it up, but not enough to translate the credits and inter-titles--or to pay for a decent dubbing job, preferring to have the film narrated *Creeping Terror* style by a deadpan female voice. Or maybe it was planned that way--there's a lot we may never know about *this* one!

This satire (I think) puts forth the theory that in order for Belgrade to qualify as a major city in the world, what it truly needs has nothing to do with mass transit or skyscrapers No, it needs a serial killer to call its own The bill is filled by a local Norman Bates (complete with soon-to-be-dead mother) who is driven to murder the women who spurn the carnations he sells and treasures. Somehow he achieves a psychic link with a young rock musician who goes on to stir up controversy and top the charts with his single, "Belgrade Strangler." (The lyrics to this song are not translated--I'd love to know what they were) As the psuedo-documentary continues, the inspector on the case is driven insane by his failure to solve anything and has to be talked out of suicide by his cat (again,I think); and major characters start tearing each other's ears off (the only graphic gore involved)

I'm as sick as anyone of films that just try to be weird for no apparent purpose save for hoping for a "cult" label, but I don't feel that description applies here Though not many viewers would put up with *Strangler vs. Strangler* 's dark, ugly photography, poor dubbing, frequent lack of translation, etc., I still found it to be a knowledgeable take on our own country's fascination with mass murder, made (a) with the type of sick humor I can't resist, and (b) at least seven years before Oliver Stone's even *more* self-conscious vision (you know the one).

(SMD)

ULTRA TWIST (1994)
d. Jimmy Maslon

Perhaps in retaliation for having their songs rejected for John Waters' *Cry Baby* (1990), the Cramps took as their cue *Hairspray* (1988) for their latest music video. In it, various twisters are ejected from a teenage dance show (the revelers seem to be all *former* teenagers, anyway) for *not* dancing lewdly enough. In the PG-rated version of this clip, viewers are treated to scenes from Herschell Gordon Lewis' *Blood Feast* (1963) off of chroma-key backdrops. In the X-rated version, nudist colony and nudie-cutie go-go footage is substituted. Either version is in impeccable, beyond reproach distaste.

The video clip compliments their latest album, "Flamejob," which is an expected pastiche of the low-brow (the song title of "Nest of the Cuckoo Birds" is in reference to an obscure, regional 1965 horror film of the same name) and the high-brow A quote from Dadaist artist Man Ray in the album's liner notes supports the Cramps unique approach to life. The band even waxes philosophical on "Let's Get Fucked Up." *Ultra Twist* is a fine directorial effort from Hollywood Book and Poster's co-founder Jimmy Maslon. Two severed thumbs up.

(GG)

DEAD BOYZ CAN'T FLY (1994)
d: Howard Winters

An androgynous punk hoodlum named "Goose" gathers two like-minded misfits to pull a heist at a New York City employment agency. While armed and dangerous, the trio of comic book thugs get more than what they bargained for when the usually compliant, nondescript "victims" begin to fight back. One character in particular, a crazed Vietnam vet janitor, begins to even the score in a wild 'n' wooly scenario that can only

be described as a cross between *The Class of 1984* (1982) meets *Straw Dogs* (1971).

Every once in awhile, a video lying on the racks amidst the typical Full Moon drek will just sit there saying,"Go ahead ! Rent me!" And every once in awhile, this aforementioned tape will give the viewer that rarest of all pleasures: a sense of genuine discovery. Remember lucking into such treasures as *The Sadist* (1963) or *Let's Scare Jessica to Death* (1971) or *Blood Mania* (1971) or*Carnival of Souls* (1962) or others on the afternoon or late movie? *Dead Boyz Can't Fly* is one of those, full of energy and surprises for the jaded, seen-it-all viewer.

Dead Boyz Can't Fly will give the *Deep Red* reader an ecstatic rush of bone-crushing, intense cinema violence. More importantly, *Dead Boyz* ' violence is nothing but *cinema* violence. There is no attempt whatsoever to remind the viewer of what a horrible world we live in. The film's parting shot is a broad wink assuring us that for all of its overwrought hyperbole, *Dead Boyz* is *only* a *movie*!

If you're the type of person who thought *Reservoir Dogs* could have done with a lot less dialogue, then *Dead Boyz* will certainly hit the spot. *Dead Boyz* may not be able to fly, but it sure as hell shredz. (Be sure to select the unrated director's cut *only* with a chunky Marilyn Monroe type taking a knife to the gut on the video sleeve.)

(GG)

SECRET LIFE (1994)
d David R. Bowen

Vapid. Nerdish. Self-absorbed. As real-life murderers went, there was no denying the fact that Jeffrey Dahmer was the Serial Killer Most Likely To Attend a *Star Trek* Convention. For all of his carnage and cannibalism, the Milwaukee Madman's notoriety seemed wholly to hinge on his arrival at the height of the Mass Murderer Bubble Gum Trading Cards fad.

A film deserving of its subject has arrived in the form of *The Secret Life*, a vanity project (!) with writer and co-producer Carl Crew starring as Jeffrey Dahmer. It's a threadbare, empty project befitting its title character. Crew bears a remarkable resemblance to Dahmer, but infuses him with too much knowledgeable irony. He sports a Herschell Gordon Lewis *She Devils On Wheels* T-shirt prior to butchering a pick-up, and his loft is too tastefully decorated and clean. One wonders what art direction Bob (*Texas Chainsaw Massacre*) Burns could have brought to the film, or more importantly, a post-*Mystery Science Theater 3000* Joel Hodgeson in the lead role of Jeffrey. The mind boggles.

Utilizing a voice-over narration provided by Dahmer, the film details Jeffrey's M.O. of luring young black men to his skid row apartment whereupon they are transformed against their will into weenie sandwiches. Never especially graphic, *The Secret Life* nonetheless projects an aura of seedy poor taste. The monotony of the murders, from the "hey du-ude, wanna make some money posing for some photographs?" to the killings with various household implements lack variation. *The Secret Life* fails to make us understand what drove Dahmer to murder, or more importantly, what type of social milieu in which a person like him was allowed to operate. The neglectful social workers that declined visiting Dahmer's apartment on the grounds it was in a "bad neighborhood," or the seedy subculture of male prostitution are barely addressed.

Ultimately, *The Secret Life* fails on the level of sheer, sickening audacity. As reprehensible as a film such as this may be ("Soundtrack Album Available!" proudly trumpets the video slipcover), it can't *begin* to compete with the recently published memoirs of Jeffrey Dahmer's own father on sale at your local mall for $19.95. "He's a good boy, your honor.. "

(GG)

TRACES OF DEATH (1994)
TRACES OF DEATH II (1994)

The Traces of Death films defy criticism. What drives the viewer to watch them is the justification for their existence. Is it gory? Hell, *yes*. Is it repulsive? You bet. Is it well done? *"Quality? How can you argue about quality? To get that shot of the man cut in half by a high tension wire, I had to dash with my Polaroid Sureshot across police lines at risk to my own reputation to share it with you, let's not talk about quality!"* This was the line of reasoning offered by the producers when this reviewer brought out these aesthetic arguments.

There are those attracted to the horror genre because of artifice, out of a desire to see story and cinematic technique. There are still others who are attracted to the horror genre because of the opportunity it affords to see spurting, severed limbs. Whether it is real or not is of no concern to the latter. Which side of the fence are *you* on? This reviewer judges ye not. Rather, the producers' moral and creative bankruptcy suggest a career in *politics* in lieu of filmmaking.

(GG)

BIZARRE! SAVAGE! WEIRD!

PHANTOM VIDEO

UNCUT/UNCENSORED Horror, sleaze, cult & sexploitation imports, rarities & bizarre films on VHS. Psychedelic & X-Rated erotic horror, S&M, infamous & obscure imports. For our 1997 catalog send $2 to:

PHANTOM VIDEO
P.O. Box 7301, Jupiter, FL 33468

Looking for your dark side?
We have it right here...
Carpe Noctem
magazine
V4.2 COVER ART BY J. GUZMAN
CN has featured interviews with such luminaries as Clive Barker, Robert Rodriguez, Frank Miller, Dave McKean, Jon J Muth, Poppy Z. Brite, Mick Garris and Tom Savini.
For a catalog send $1 (redeemed with purchase) to
Carpe Noctem®
260 S. Woodruff Avenue
Suite 105D
Idaho Falls ID 83401
Or send $5 to receive a sample issue.
Canada add $2,
Europe add $3.